

ANYTIME YOU WANT IT

by

Harry Humphery

CONTINENTAL CLASSICS

INTRODUCTION

We have become a society of spoiled brats. Too much money, too much affluence, too much spare time, too much infidelity. No longer are we content with the simple virtues, probably because our lives and, indeed, our whole way of living have become so complex, so undisciplined.

Time was when our sex lives were of virtue. We married, we copulated, we bore children. Not so today. These days sex has to be intensified, all avenues have to be open to us, all dark corners of human nature must be explored, or we are frustrated, unhappy, searching for the evil that will surely fulfill us, we think.

Harry Humphery, author of "Anytime You Want It," explores the perversions that have become part and parcel of our modern day sex habits. He goes further in presenting not only the causes but the effects of the offbeat type of lovemaking that has now become such an integral and demanding part of the sexual experience.

He also paints a picture of the inevitable horror that is always the end result of a sexuality that has lost perspective, virtue, love. Only intensification matters — only the ultimate in lust.

Mr. Humphery has presented the pros and cons of this serious problem with delicacy and honesty. His lucidity of purpose, his objective, clear-cut outline present a service to the reader that is invaluable. He points out and sets the guidelines that will enable the reader to clearly draw his own conclusions, and therefore the warnings of the results of over-indulgence are crystalline clear.

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New York City
February 1970

PART ONE

CHAPTER ONE

The moment they pushed open the swinging doors and stepped through into the dimly lit, cigarette haze-filled room, they knew they had made a mistake. This was no quiet bar, no cocktail lounge where two young ladies in New York for the day could get a drink in comparative privacy. They looked at the row of smiling faces that turned towards them as the doors swung closed again behind them. The wide eyes, the white flashing teeth, all the faces looked the same, round and healthy, and very black. It was quite obvious that Samantha Davis and her friend, Ruth Kent, had mistakenly strolled into a small bar that was patronized almost exclusively by black people.

Samantha and Ruth were neighbors in a well-to-do neighborhood on Long Island. About once a month they came into town together; usually they met their husbands, who both worked in the city, around about six o'clock and the four traveled back home together. This month it was a different arrangement. Alan Davis and Ruth's husband, Ronnie, were taking the half day off from business to fly up to Boston to watch an important football game that was being played that evening. Consequently, their young wives were to be on their own in New York and would have no reason to hurry back home until much later than usual.

It was in the early part of the evening, after an enjoyable if exhausting afternoon looking around the large stores, that they decided it was time for some refreshment, and something considerably stronger than coffee.

Samantha remembered a small and very nice cocktail lounge she had been to with Alan a few times in the past, although it must be over a year since she had last been there and it might not be so easy to locate the place. It was in a narrow street not far from Forty-Second Street and, determined to find the place, the two young women had taken a cab to Forty-Second Street and set out on foot to find the bar. Samantha had been sure this was the place, she remembered the swinging doors. Their mistake was made amply clear to them once they stepped inside and, embarrassed yet determined not to panic, they had continued to move across the dimly lit bar towards the counter.

"Sorry, ladies," a broad Negro resplendent in a stark white jacket moved along the bar to where they stood, "only members served at the bar, ladies. Do you know any members here? Have you friends here, or do you know Jerry?"

Samantha didn't have friends there, that must have been obvious. As for Jerry, whoever he might be, they had never heard of him, although now that the name was mentioned

they did remember seeing the name on the board outside. 'Jerry's Bar' it had said, but it had meant nothing to them.

"That's all right, Joe," a tall broad-shouldered giant of a man came up alongside the young women. "I'll vouch for our guests here." Turning to the surprised girls, he went on, "I hope you will do me the honor of having a drink with me." He nodded towards an oval-shaped alcove set in the wall away from the bar. A small table was in the alcove, a padded seat attached to the wall ran in a half-circle around the far side of the table; another grinning, far from unpleasant black man sat there. "My friend and I are alone, and we will consider it our pleasure to have you drink with us."

Samantha exchanged a quick glance with her friend. Ruth was as uncertain as she was, yet the tall black asking them what they would like to drink was as polite as any man could be. His friend looked respectable, too, and quite good looking. They had come in for a drink, and if it wasn't the place they had been looking for, well, they might as well have a drink while they were here.

It was after their third drink that the two women began to relax more. The smoky, stuffy atmosphere had troubled them at first, but now with the self-assurance that three strong martinis can bring, they felt more at ease - at ease enough to accept the cigarette that the tall Negro was giving them.

Randolph, the Negro who had approached them at the bar, quickly lit the cigarettes as the two girls held them to their lips. It was quite obvious by the fatness of the solid-feeling cigarettes that they were not the normal types, but at the moment the girls were not suspicious enough to think they were being given anything harmful. Perhaps the drinks had already dulled their usual sense of caution but as soon as they inhaled the cigarettes, which seemed to smoulder far more quickly than the normal ones, they realized this was an experience they hadn't encountered before.

Samantha had felt the need for a cigarette. She didn't smoke a lot, but after a drink and when she felt tired, she enjoyed a mild smoke. She inhaled several times quite deeply, and within seconds she began to feel strange. Something was happening inside her, way down in her pussy. A strange, dull, aching sensation that was not enough to cause her real pain, yet enough to make her very much aware of her body, especially around her twat and genital region.

She looked at Ruth. She, too, had inhaled deeply and was getting similar effects. The tall black man alongside her — Stew, he had been called by his friend — had his arm around her shoulder. Samantha saw that Ruth was happily leaning against him, her eyes half closed, her expression one of rapt pleasure and contentment.

The small bar seemed to be getting stuffy and more humid; this was more apparent when Randolph leaned forward and pulled along a railed curtain that separated the oval alcove from the rest of the bar. It was like being in a strange-shaped room now, secluded and private. Samantha could hardly control the urge to wriggle her ass

against the padded seating on which they sat, as a strange, irritating sensation was getting worse in her cunt.

The alcove was illuminated only by the slither of light that came through the curtain. It wasn't much light at all, and Stew was taking advantage of the dimness to start feeling up the unresisting Ruth. His hand was down inside her loosened blouse top and Samantha watched the large hand moving about under her friend's clothing. He was blatantly kneading her huge, soft tits, and far from trying to stop him, Ruth was moaning at the pleasure he was giving her.

Ruth's skirt had been drawn well up her broad thighs and a full expanse of stark whiteness above her nylon tops was exposed. "Your friend has nice legs," Samantha heard Randolph mutter as he leaned across and flicked Ruth's short skirt even higher. The whiteness of her tightly drawn panties came into view and, as he straightened up, Samantha felt his arm slide behind her shoulders. He gripped her far shoulder and waited; she sensed he was waiting to see if she was going to reject his advance, or, like her friend, she was going to be willing to let him pet her.

Samantha looked at the drawn curtain in front of their table. It was so private here, no one could see them, no one would know what she did. Certainly, from the way Ruth was behaving, she wasn't likely to carry tales to Alan. The hand slid down further over her shoulder, down far enough for the fingers to spread out across her titties. The strong ebony fingers squeezed her knockers as tingling waves of sensual excitement spread down her body.

She allowed him to pull her closer to him on the padded seat. His hand, so large and masterful, was lifting her boobie, fondling the nipple with his thumb and even through her dress and bra she felt his touch bringing her nipple to stiffness and throbbly awareness.

A moan from her friend caused her to peer in the darkness across at them. She gasped when she saw that Stew had got his hand up under Ruth's short skirt, but that was not all — his hand was UNDER the crotch-band of her panties, and from the way he held his palm he must have at least one or two fingers buried in her cunt itself. Ruth eagerly screwing her asscheeks from side to side, rubbing herself onto his open palm and upper fingers in a wanton display of female sexuality. Her blouse had been completely opened all the way down -the front so that her brassiered titties were showing, their large nipples jutting a bulge at the peak of each neatly rounded bra-cup.

Randolph had his face close to Samantha's hot cheek. "I think your friend must be cock-starved at home to respond so quickly and in that way," he chuckled quietly. She felt his arm slide down from her tit to encircle her waist; his palm was downwards so that, as he slid it from her hip lower down, he massaged the top of her thigh through her thin dress. She felt ashamed at her desire to have him touch her in the most intimate of places, but when the large strong hand DID cup her twat through her clothing, she tensed up. She

was afraid, ashamed — she knew she had to push his hand away, she had to stop him now, before it was too late.

Ruth was not in such a doubtful state of mind. In the dimness it wasn't possible to follow all her actions, but her panties were down to her ankles, that much could be seen. Her companion whispered something, and Samantha saw Ruth draw her legs up. She had her heels on the edge of the seat and she kept her knees well up as the large black hand wantonly rubbed at her completely vulnerable cunt. Ruth groaned and panted, her eyes were closed, her expression was one of obvious, thorough, lustful pleasure as the big Negro furiously masturbated her hot pussy. In the same way, Randolph began to massage Samantha's heaving twat-mound, only he had his hands outside her clothing. He rubbed her slowly at first. She didn't have her eyes closed, and so she saw him looking into her face intently. Faster and with more savage deliberation, his hands rubbed her. She had never experienced a rubbing like this before. Even with the barrier of her dress and panties, he was getting his fingers so cleverly into her slit she felt him massaging at the bone center of her pelvis in a way that no man had ever done, even when she had been naked and anxious for her husband to feel her up.

She almost cried out in relief when she felt him take his hand away to dive it up under her dress hem. Now his fingers made more intimate contact with her very damp panty-crotch. She saw a smile flicker across his large, handsome face when he felt just how wet she was, and she gasped in a short-lived sensation of fear and shame as his wrist flicked and his large hand was UNDER her panties. Ignoring her half-hearted attempt to pull his wrist away, dipped his middle finger deliberately well into her hot, wet sex-pit. He leaned across her and got his mouth to her mouth, his hot torrid kiss stifled her gasps as he sank two fingers up into her reluctantly welcoming hole. Now Samantha had to close her eyes and give herself up to the intense pleasure that his expert finger-fucking and his tongue-kissing was giving her. Just like her friend, she had given up any pretense of resisting. She felt him spread his two fingers widely apart and with slow upward pushes and fast withdrawals he 'fucked' her with his thick, long fingers until she felt she was going to be driven out of her mind with the pleasure and the wild desire to have a cum.

Never had she felt the urge quite so strongly, the urge to be fucked, to be satisfied with a large prick in her fuck-hole, where a woman is intended to be fucked. Her cunt ached, and she knew what it ached for - it ached for a strong, virile prick.

"Any more drinks, ladies and gentlemen?" The large head popped through the parted curtains. The voice broke the spell. Ruth pushed Stew's hands away from her, and Samantha likewise straightened up and, trying to hide her embarrassment, pushed the pleasure giving hand of Randolph away from her warm, wet twat.

"I don't think our guests want any more of your booze, Joe," Randolph chuckled. "I think they both feel like something more satisfying than drink. I think they both want a good fucking!"

The three black men laughed. The barman opened the curtains more, enough for him to throw down on the table a handful of neatly squared little packets. "There's a few rubbers for you, girls," he chuckled, "in case you came unprepared. You'll find these especially strong rubbers, the type you need with men like these two horrors."

Again, they laughed. "You see these lovely girls are married, Joe," Stew retorted. "I think they're both taking the pill and won't need your safety rubbers. How about it girls? ARE you on the pill, or have we got to use these rotten rubbers?"

Neither of the young women spoke. They had partly recovered from their aroused sexuality and they were wondering what sort of dive they had stumbled into. Less than an hour they had been in here, and already such private matters as their birth control methods were being spoken about. Already they had been finger-fucked and intimately felt up by their drinking companions, and if they had been truthful with themselves, they would have had to admit they had enjoyed every minute of it!

Suddenly, without warning, Randolph gripped Samantha's knees, pushed them wide apart and bent forward. His face was buried up high between her thighs and she felt his nose nudging aside her wet and limply useless pantie-band. She was staring down, open-mouthed, at his bobbing head, his large dark-haired head nudging to and fro at the top of her thighs. He was kissing with wet, thick-lipped caresses the soft flesh above her nylons. She knew what he was going to do unless she stopped him. Up in front of her, not three feet away, the wide eyes of the barman stared at her and her ravisher, as her friend, Ruth, and her dusky escort also watched intently. Samantha cried out, she put the back of her hand to her mouth to stifle her cries as the thick tongue was actually licking at the edges of her cunt, at the fleshy lips of her raw twat itself. Keeping his face to her cunt, Randolph dropped to his knees, shuffled around until he was in between her knees, so that his broad shoulders kept her legs apart. Now he could take his hands from her nylon-sheathed legs, now he could use his fingers to pull open the hairy-framed little gash at which he was paying his lip homage.

Samantha felt him pulling and parting her outer cunt-lips with his fingertips as his firm, wet tongue tip probed more deeply into her gash. In all her four years of marriage, never had her cunt been worked over as this large black man worked at her now. Once or twice Alan had put his face between her thighs and kissed her cunt lips, always tenderly, and never for more than a few seconds. This Negro was making a meal of it, his thick lips were hungry for her cunt, and her pussy was as eager to be eaten in this obscene but fantastically pleasurable way.

Joe, the bartender, had come into the alcove and drawn the curtain back across the opening. He, too, could take an active part in this little sexual charade with these two lovely white girls who had wandered into Jerry's.

It was Joe's arm that was pushed under Samantha's asscheeks. She lifted her ass to make whatever he intended doing that much easier; his other hand slid under her ass and with his fists gripping her fleshy asscheeks, he was pulling her upwards and forwards, making her press her spread cunt harder against his friend's face. She opened her knees wider, spread her legs as apart as far as she could. It was like having this hefty Negro trying to get his head all the way up into her cunt, and it was a fabulous sensation! She managed to look down between her opened thighs and saw the huge mouth of the black pulling and sucking at her puffed and red, raw cunnylips. She began to jerk, to tremble into spasms of unadulterated lust. She knew she was starting to build up towards a peak of a climax. Never in her life had she been actually sucked right off. She believed that this was what the Negro intended to happen now. He was going to make her cum in his mouth. He had his nose, his mouth and almost his chin as well up inside the outer spread lips of her inner cunt. She felt hands on her belly. Stew was leaning across and placing his hands flat on her heaving belly, then Ruth was doing the same. Samantha felt the hands of her girlfriend also on her belly as the contractions started. She heard Stew whispering to Ruth, had she ever felt another woman cumming? If she kept her hands on that belly she would feel the throbbing release taking place. Ruth was excited, she held her palms warmly to Samantha's belly.

To the surprise of them all, Randolph suddenly lifted his face away from Samantha's splayed thighs and hot crotch and ginned up at the faces looking down at him.

"Ain't you going to make her cum?" Joe the bartender was clearly upset at the sudden change in what he thought was going to happen.

"Now, don't get impatient, Joe," chuckled the other Negro. "You can bet Randolph knows what he is doing."

"Sure, sure I do," Randolph got to his feet. "It know this hot piece of white meat is good for a double fucking. I'd bet a grand she ain't never had a double one, have you, my little beauty?"

He pinched the top of Samantha's thigh, making her wince. He repeated the obscene question. "Have you ever had a double fucking, my little darling?"

She wasn't sure what he meant. Whatever the term might imply, she was sure she had never had it done to her. She shook her head.

"I knew you hadn't, dear." Randolph was making sure the curtain was well pulled across the alcove opening. "Come on, Joe, you can be my partner with her," he chuckled.

The two girls watched the bartender open his trouser front and lie along the padded seat. His long, thick cock sprang and reared upwards in a menacing arc. Randolph was whisking Samantha's panties down and hoisting her dress up around her hips. "Mount him, my lovely," he told her, giving her naked ass a far from gentle slap. She hesitated. She was still not sure what he wanted her to do, or if she would do it anyway. "Go on, go on, honey," he had his hands to her waist and was pushing her towards the prostrated bartender. "Get up on him, go on, honey, sit on him, you know what I mean, sit down on his cock."

Slowly, and as if in some sort of trance, Samantha moved so that she was straddling the bartender's waist with her nylon-stockinged legs. Now both the hands Of Randolph and Joe were on her hips and thighs and she was being urged and pulled down into position. She felt the fat, hot tip of his prick nudging at her hungry cunt flesh. She knew she was wet and ready for sex, hungry for a prick, and she felt bitterly ashamed.

She bit her lip to stifle a cry of lust as she felt what was happening. Randolph had his arms around her belly, he was making her move up and down just enough to allow the huge, robust head of Joe's prick to massage her clitoris and the soft wet lining of the lips themselves. She knew what they were doing, they were teasing her, tantalizing her, making her so hot and horny that she would crave with all her feeling to have that cock thrust up inside her hot, yearning fuck-hole.

They weren't disappointed in her reaction. She managed to suffer for about two minutes, then, madly enraged with wanton desire to be fucked, she thrust herself forcibly down onto that teasing cock-shaft. It was the largest prick she had ever fucked, but her hungry cunt swallowed it with one continual gulp. She was straddling his broad loins, his cock was up in her cunt, every massive inch of it. Yet, in a bizarre way, she wanted more! Ashamed at her wild desire, she realized that those cigarettes must have contained a very potent sex drug. Never had she felt the urge to fuck so vividly as she did now, never had she wanted to be so grotesquely filled by a prick as she felt she needed to be at this moment. She had to be fucked! The desire was all-powerful. She **HAD TO BE FUCKED!** And she just didn't care who was her fuck partner. She began to rock to and fro on the stiff spear of Joe's cock. She hoped he was going to start heaving his body up to meet her thrusts, to give weight to the screwing, but when she felt his arms encircle her waist, it was to pull her forward and not to help her in her movements. She bent to him willingly, her face down alongside his face, his very stiff prick massaging her clitoris more in this bent-forward pose. Someone's hands were lifting her hips slightly, forcing the cock to be at an even more indirect angle inside her. She felt the air at the lower region of her cuntlips. Then, to her amazement, to her utter dismay and disbelief, she felt something else at that lower end of her opened and stretched cunt!

Randolph had climbed onto the seat behind her. She felt the superbly smooth and firm head of his fuck-pole jabbing at her twat flesh. He was trying to press and squeeze his massive cock up into her cunt as well. This was what he had meant when he spoke of 'a double-fucking.' Right in front of her face, Joe was thrusting his large, wet tongue from his mouth and, driven almost insane with sexual desire, she closed her mouth over his tongue and lewdly sucked at it. His arms tightened about her shoulders. He was making quite certain she was not going to put up any foolish resistance. She felt an awful pressure against her twat lips; she had known it was impossible for a woman to take two men inside her cunt at the time, quite impossible. Yet Randolph was still trying, still pressing at her cunt, and then it happened.

Suddenly Randolph was inside her as well, suddenly she was stretched incredibly! This second long, thick prick was gorging upwards into her gash flesh. The mere idea of having TWO pricks in her at the same time was enough to almost make her cum in her excitement. She was filled now, all right, two thick pricks, and yet there was little pain. She moved slowly and experimentally back and forth over the twin cocks. They slid hotly and slickly against the smooth, hot, sensitive folds of her inner membranes. The sexual tingles of pleasure were sharper and more vivid than she had ever known. The two cocks rubbed against one another as the Negroes tried to regulate their own movements. From the expert way they started fucking, it was clear this wasn't the first time they had screwed a woman at the same time. As one prick pushed upwards, so the other drew back, so that a continual see-sawing of cock was taking place inside her cunt-passage. She felt her cuntal muscles working overtime to keep in rhythm with the twin poles of pleasure. Her cunt-flesh clung and milked at the two dong-shafts that worked so beautifully in direct opposite directions within her.

The sensations that shot through her body were intense and of a peak of ecstasy that she had never dared dream about. Stew was bending down close to her, now, his mouth to her ear, his voice hoarse with excitement, as he murmured, "You like being full of cock, honey? Your cunt's packed solid with prick, isn't it, and you love it, don't you? You love it!"

Oh, dear God, he was speaking the truth, she DID love it. It was the most wonderful and the most fantastic feeling she had ever had. She sucked harder at the thick, saliva-wet tongue that Joe thrust down her throat. She worked and writhed in wanton style at the two cocks thrust and embedded in her cunt. Out of the corner of her eyes, she saw Ruth jerking at the thickly aroused prick she had taken out from Stew's open fly. It would be her turn soon to be given the lustful pleasure from a massive ebony cock, not that she could worry about Ruth's needs! Samantha was too taken up with her own fucking. She felt Joe under her, working away with long, heavy strokes of his fine cock up her, and as he speeded up, so Randolph became faster with his screwing of her guts from the rear angle. She felt she was going insane with desire, mad with this new lust, these cocks had to erupt inside her, had to fill her with their hot, soothing sperm! They had to

complete the fucking inside her and make her have an orgasm that she KNEW would be the best she had ever had!

Joe was the first to reach his orgasm. She felt his cock swell, felt it get burning hot, and then the shooting hot scum, in short, continual spurts - he was filling her with his juice! A few seconds later it was the huge prick of Randolph shooting its load inside her. From his angle, he was jabbing his cockhead directly into her womb mouth, and she felt the hot, sticky spray hitting the walls of her womb in a way she had never experienced being given sperm before. Her guts were on fire! Never would she get over this, never would she be able to forget this moment of sheer paradise! She began to spasm to her own climax as three pairs of arms encircled and engulfed her. The three black men cradled her in their arms in such a way she could hardly breathe, let alone move. This forced her throbbing, pulsating orgasm to take place fully within herself. She was physically restrained from contorting outwardly in her prolonged throes of her wildly frantic climax, all her pulsations resounded inwards, causing her cunt and belly to vibrate until she thought she would die from the pleasure and pain!

Not until she was quite still and her cum had drained off did the Negroes release her from their strong, embracing arms. The limp pricks slipped wetly from her enlarged and abused cunt. Never had she felt so satisfied! She wanted to go to sleep and not even the grunts and moans that came from her friend could arouse her. She didn't see Stew fucking Ruth in the doggie position until she, too, was well satisfied and exhausted.

By the time the two young wives had recovered, they found they were alone in the alcove. Joe was back behind the bar, doing the job he was paid for, and Randolph and Stew had disappeared, gone to fresh pastures, and two embarrassed young women made their way out of the curtained alcove and across the crowded bar to the door. They were only too happy to flag down a passing taxi. They would take a cab all the way home, it didn't matter how much it cost. They just didn't have the strength to go to the station and catch a train.

Samantha had been married four years to Alan, and Ruth almost as long to her Ronnie, but in the last few hours both young wives had derived more sexual fulfillment than in all their married fuck-lives. Both realized that this would certainly not be the last time they would come up to New York without their husbands, and it wouldn't be to look around the stores, either!

CHAPTER TWO

It was no doubt as a direct reaction from her experience up at Jerry's Bar that Samantha Davis her friendship with Amos Martin possible. Amos Martin was hardly the type of man she would normally have looked at twice, let alone set out to get to know. She had

seen him at the little get-togethers given by her husband's boss. About once every three months, Mr. Cleaver gave a small party for salesmen. Alan Davis was an armchair executive, but nevertheless was in charge of the salesmen and so was invited to the Cleaver gatherings. It was normal for the wives to be taken along, too, but from the way that Amos Martin stood drinking alone in a corner of the large room, it was possible he wasn't married, and if he was, he certainly had not brought his wife along.

Like the casual friends at Jerry's Bar, Amos was black, but there the similarity ended. He was older than Randolph and Stew put together, not good looking in any sense and yet, seeing the lone black standing there drinking solemnly, Samantha had been drawn to him. Alan was fortunately engaged in a long and earnest conversation with old man Cleaver and two of the up and coming salesman and had little time to spare making sure his wife was having an enjoyable time. The attention she got from the elderly black Amos would have been fit for a princess. For fully an hour or more she was in his company. She found him an entertaining talker, a man of charm if not good looks, and it may not have been entirely an accident when, as he excused himself and told her without embarrassment he must find the men's room, she followed him out from the crowded room.

When he returned from his short visit upstairs, she was waiting for him in the large hall. No one else was in and it seemed a natural movement on both their parts for her to slink into his arms. It was a hot kiss, not as passionate as she would have liked, but for the first one it was more than average in intensity. She naughtily rubbed her large titties to his chest so that he would be sure to feel her nipples, even through their clothing. Her hips moved from side to side as she rubbed the silk skirt of her cocktail dress against his thighs. He took the hint and his hands began to roam over her back, over and under the swell of her lush asscheeks. His right hand drew down the front of her body. With her short skirt, it was so easy for her to arch her body slightly and let him touch the tops of her broad thighs. Quite brazenly his hand moved higher, to touch her panties. She parted her feet and pressed sexily against his palm; strange how quickly and easily a black man could turn her on, get her cunt hotter than any white man she knew.

As their lips parted from sheer want of air, she gasped to him, "If we find a quiet room upstairs, would you like me to take off my dress for you?"

Amos could hardly believe his good fortune. The drinks they served at old man Cleaver's parties must really be potent, he thought. He followed her upstairs, his eager hands trying already to get the long zipper down her back. In so large a house it was not hard to find a bedroom, and as soon as she was out of her dress, his hands were at the hooks and eyes of her bra. He kissed her again, full on the mouth, as she fumbled with the bra catches.

She let out a long sigh of pleasure as at last he bared her titties and fondled her naked globes. She was pushing down her half-slip, and now in only her hose and lacy panties, she stood unashamed in front of him. He took her in his arms. This time the kiss was as torrid and passionate as she could have desired. His mouth traveled from her mouth to her throat, to her tits, to her belly. She quickly pushed her panties down, hoping he would go down on her just as that magnificent beast Randolph had done. But he didn't have the patience or the same control as the blacks at the bar. He had the front of his trousers open, his huge prick was throbbing in urgent want, and she knew he was intent on one thing, to get that big, thick shaft up inside her cunt, if she would take it.

He was to find she was more than willing and ready for him!

Getting her on her back on the bed, he got above her. He held her arms down, although she had not given him cause to think she would resist at this stage. For a moment they looked into one another's eyes, then she sighed and closed her eyes, her mouth lolling open as clumsily and slowly he worked his way into position. She felt his thrusting at her, trying to find her cunt-hole. She didn't try to help him, she wanted this to happen, and yet she couldn't bring herself to actually take hold of him and guide him to her feminine slit-hole.

She groaned slightly as she felt the cock-shaft ease itself up into her. It was strong, and as it jabbed deeper into the soft, wet, fleshy pit she had to respond, only with the slightest of movements, but it was a response, nonetheless.

It was as she became aware that he was pressing his stomach hard to her belly that she spoke. "It's right in me, isn't it?" she gasped. "You're right in my cunt, aren't you?"

His voice was hoarse. ' 'Yes ... yes, dear ... you have me inside you ... all of me!"

His movements were not very fast, and she was impatient. "Fuck me ... fuck me hard!" The words tumbled from her lips, her thoughts being transferred into words without full control over what she said. Her lewd plea had the effect she hoped for. He lifted his hips and drove into her with a faster, harder fuck action. She felt his cock-stem getting thicker, more virile. "Yesss ... yes ... fuck me ... fuck me!" she urged him on. He sensed how badly she wanted her orgasm, and as she had her cum he managed to keep back his own climax. She hit her peak among writhings and moanings that thrilled him. He was delighted that she clearly was not a 'one-time' girl. She would want to cum again, perhaps more than twice if he could keep fucking at her long enough. She was heaving up at him, making sure his dick rode into deepest pit and caressed her inner membranes before being screwed back for the withdrawal.

Her hands gripped his hips. She tried to speed his movements to suit her desire, tried to control not only her own, now frantic heaves, but also his thrusts and pull-backs.

"Oh ... my God that feels good ... so good," she panted, as her second climax drew near. He gave her every last inch with every plunge into as she came for her second cum. Still Amos held back, still he had complete control over himself.

It was as she climbed slowly and with exquisite pleasure to her third cum that had to let her have his sperm. She felt the hot bursts and she clung to him with arms and legs as the hot flow his semen brought her climax to its ultimate peak. Prolonged and tense, the mutual shoot-off of scum almost sent her into wild delirium with pleasure as he emptied himself into her soft, quivering belly.

Amos Martin didn't stay in the bedroom to her get dressed. He had had what he wanted. She, too, had taken what she had set out to get, another black prick. Satisfied and happy, she slowly got dressed.

By one of those strange quirks of coincidence, as she made her way along the passage to the bathroom she met Alan coming out of the toilet. They exchanged a happy, carefree few words, but the young man didn't know that his pretty wife was intent on getting to the privacy of the toilet as soon as she could to cleanse her pussy of another man's sperm!

CHAPTER THREE

Alan had been quite normal and happy towards her during the brief meeting, even that moment on the landing when he seen her come out of that bedroom and go along to the bathroom, he hadn't shown that he was angry or slightest bit suspicious, but now they were in their own home, getting undressed for bed, she noticed he was strangely silent and brooding.

Even when they in bed, he didn't embrace her as he usually did. Could he have guessed she had been unfaithful to him? Could he have turned cold towards her like this as a result?

She didn't know. She didn't want her marriage to Alan to be upset, or spoiled, even though to save it she might not have been prepared to give up her newfound sexual freedom outside her marriage.

She leaned closer to him. He had his back to her, which was wry unusual. She got her hand around over his hip, her fingers located his limp prick. She wondered if he was imagining what she had done with those same fingers earlier on, at the party? Did he know she had fondled the prick of another man, a man much older than they were? She urged the limp cock into some sort of firmness. "Does that make you feel good,

darling?" she murmured, as she rolled closer to his back. He nodded, and eased his body so he was more on his back. His arm came across her belly, his hand fondling her triangle-haired twat. The moment his fingers strayed close to her cunt lips she was off! The bedclothes were pushed back. He knew what that meant, she was mad for prick when she pushed the sheet down. He wasn't surprised when she straddled across his waist. She had masturbated him to eagerness and was now sliding her warm, moist cunt down onto the upstanding dick. He watched as well as felt her swaying her hips from side to side. She loved doing this, loved feeling his prick ride from one side of her hole to the other. Alan closed his eyes. He was thinking back a few hours, to a few minutes before he had met her on the landing at the party. He had seen a black man come out of the same bedroom that Samantha had come out from. She had been in there with that black man. He had been able to tell from the brightness in her eyes that she had been through an experience — a sexual experience. At the time he had kept his feelings to himself. Now, as he thought of what that black man had probably done to her, probably had his cock right where his cock was now, the thought made him horny, made him anxious to have his cum. He knew he was letting Samantha down, she was never ready as soon as this. He was committing the unforgivable sin, shooting off before she was ready. Yet couldn't hold back, didn't want to hold back. She had had her fucking with that black man, why should he consider her. "UURGGHHH!" he started to ejaculate. He heard her frenzied pleas to "Hold on make it last, make it last!" but it was no use. was shooting his load, it was wet and sticky. He let her have it, and she moaned in her frustration as she tried, without any success at all, to rub herself to a peak on his dwindling, weak-boned prick.

His last thought as he dropped to sleep was that to let Samantha down in their fucking like this was one sure way to send her to the arms of other man. That might be true, but he knew it was too late to worry about sending her to other men now. She had already sampled the delights of extramarital fucking. Not unless he was a superman, a superb lover, could he hope to keep her true to him in the future.

Alan Davis knew he wasn't a super lover, he knew he couldn't hope to keep her lovely cunt all to himself. Now that the 'sharing' had begun, he wondered where it would all end.

Samantha had traveled up to Forty-Second Street by mid-morning of the following day. After that frustrating experience in bed with Alan, she couldn't wait to have a satisfying fuck again with one of her black lovers. It wasn't until she found the club closed that she realized that a place like Jerry's Bar probably didn't open until late afternoon. She was about to turn away from the locked doors when she caught sight of a black face peering at her from the glass panel at the top of the doors. It was Joe, the bartender. He grinned and nodded. A moment later and the doors had been unlocked, long enough to allow her to squeeze through into the bar. Two men, both black, of course, were at a table

near the bar playing cards. From the chair at the table, Joe had obviously been playing too, and had left the game when he heard her at the doors.

"This is Samantha, boys," Joe gripped her arm and led her across to the table, "the white chick I told you about. I do declare, she has come up here for more fun and games with us!"

The cards were forgotten. The three men, all on their feet now, moved close to Samantha. She felt the heat from their strong bodies and the slightly sickly sweet odor from their bodies as they saucily bumped against her from all sides. One of the strangers glued his mouth to hers in a strong, passion-firing kiss. The sensation her to grind her hips and press her thighs to his strong body. The man who was kissing her was holding her wrists, the other two men were rapidly getting her clothing unzipped and undone. It wouldn't take them long to get her stripped. She felt her right hand being pulled to the massive prick of the man she was kissing; her left hand was being pushed to the protrusion of at the fly of one of the other men. Not content with feeling the shaft from outside his trousers, she got her hand into the fly zipper and soon she her hand inside *the trousers, her eager fingers massaging the thickening length of ebony cock. The other two were not be left behind, and soon had their own flies opened. Soon she was trying to massage and fondle three pricks at once.

"Let's find out if she likes scuttling," She heard Joe mutter, "bring her through to my room, it's just through here, boys. That's right ... put her on the bed."

In the small room at the rear of the bar, they quickly had her stripped, naked and trembling from a mixture of shame, fear and excitement. Samantha let them put her down again to the bed and was surprised when they made her lie on her belly, more surprised and apprehensive when she felt her wrists being drawn up to the bedrail at the head of the bed and held there while Joe strapped her arms securely to the bedframe.

"Go on, Joe, you first," she heard one of them exclaim. "You wanted to know if she scuttles, you be the first. Go on, man, she'll love it when she gets used to it!"

The bed creaked as it took the additional weight of Joe. He was naked except for his He was hoisting her up onto her knees. She shivered as she felt the rock hardness of his large prick pressing hotly against the flesh of her ass. Three pairs of hands roamed all over her body, then she felt Joe's tongue running down her back. She trembled from sheer lustful joy as he licked at the very base of her spine, and then with fat thumbs against her as he was pulling her fleshy cheeks crudely apart. She let out a long gasping groan. His tongue slowly wormed its way along her ass crevice and he was licking at the puckered hole of her asshole. The harder he licked and probed with his tongue, the more frantically her fleshy asscheeks writhed and wobbled. Then he was

kneeling between her legs, bringing his hairy loins close to her uplifted ass. The hands of the other two were gripping her hips and waist, keeping her ass up in the air, making her arch back at that hot spear of cock flesh. She felt that long, hot wedge of throbbing flesh lying along her pussy as if to tease her. It felt like it was a foot long, so thick, so wonderfully virile. Then the fingers of one of the black men were getting a firmer grip on her flesh close to the inner dip of the crevice. His strong fingers were dragging her skin outwards away from the asshole itself. It felt like he was pulling at the hole, making it enlarge and stretch, and then she felt something else the hot, smooth head of Joe's rigid prick was being placed full against the small asshole!

No, no, not that!" she cried out, and tried to wrench her arms free. She had no chance. The straps holding her wrists to the bedframe were far too strong and well secured. "Please, no, Joe. I'll do anything ... but don't do that to me, it will hurt me ... it will be terrible, Joe ... please, no I didn't come up here for that. Please, anything, but ... ooggggughHHHH!"

The pressure against the tight ring of muscle was intense. She was really scared, frightened beyond belief. She had come up here looking for gratification for her hot cunt, not for anything as horrible as this to happen to her! She looked from one sweating, grinning face to the other. None of the three blacks gave her any reason to think they were going to have mercy on her.

The arms of Joe wrapped themselves around her belly, he was nudging rather than pushing his cock at her asshole, but she knew he was not going to stop until he completely entered her. As the tight hole stretched and still stretched more, she felt herself getting sick, she wanted to vomit, that awful cock was actually getting its head into the tight hole now. It was incredible, she closed her eyes, her face up into a mask of pain. She was sure they were going to kill her in this attempt to fuck her in this disgusting way. Joe's cock felt enormous as it tried to gorge into the so-small hole entrance. The further he pushed into her the worse the pain it was a severe task and Joe was perspiring and Samantha's pretty face was also wet, damp with sweat and with tears of agony and shame, and remorse. Why, oh why, had she ever come back to this wretched place. Why hadn't she learned her lesson the first time when it had been made clear to her what sort of perversions might delight these black men?

Her ass felt like an open wound, now she knew what a schoolgirl's twat must feel like when she is brutally raped by a mature man. Her dangling white titties shook as she sobbed and panted. How could she ever face Alan again? It had been bad enough last night when she thought he suspected her of fucking at the party. How could she ever get him to make love to her after this screwing of her asshole? After this shameful act with this black giant?

If only this beastly Joe would reach his climax, the huge hard cock would get soft then, she would be spared the pain, the humiliation, the agony of having so long and thick an object thrust up her ass passage. His thrusts were getting faster, that was for sure, she could feel his hot breath on her neck and back as he panted on her like a wild animal in heat. She knew he must be near to his orgasm, he was fucking at the tight hole like a demented man. She closed her eyes tightly, and bit away a scream that to her lips. Harder and with more crude strokes, he screwed her defenseless ass. The three negroes saw her flesh around her deflowered asshole was red raw.

Samantha felt the bartender tighten, she heard the gasping filthy oaths come from his lips, then a burst of hot sperm ricocheted around the walls of her rectum. Hot and very wet and sticky the fluid saturated her. She knew he had emptied himself in her in this asshole fucking. So plentiful was the juicy cum that it seemed to ease the pain but at the same time added to her degradation and humiliation.

Joe slowly pulled his limp, deflating ebony cock from her tiny, tortured shit-hole with a wet, sucking sound. She collapsed on the bed, but hands grabbed at her hair, her head was tugged upwards, the hot dome of a cock was against her lips. One of the others was waiting to get his pleasure from her. In a wild daze, she opened her mouth and let the hot thick strong cockhead slide into her lips. She groaned as a few drops of pre-orgasm semen spilled from the great prick she sucked. The taste of hot sperm thrilled her despite the pain that still seared through her body from her fucked asshole.

She sucked greedily at the prick of his unknown negro, uppermost in her mind was the thought that she could suck him off and make him at least unable to fuck her so awfully as Joe had done.

The third negro was on the bed with her and he was getting his rigid cock to her, but thank goodness he was intent on getting it into her cunt. It was incredible how badly she felt she needed a cock there, even after her painful initiation to what Joe had called 'scuttling' she still craved for a fucking in her pussy.

Her wet cunt lips greedily sucked at and welcomed the massive organ that entered her, but a few deep hard thrusts were required to make her approach her climax. Even with her mouth full of prick, she was able to utter her wild desire to be made to cum. She had never realized she could have such a tremendous flow of cum at a climax. She felt her warm fluid wetting her thighs and the balls of the man who had brought her 'off.' She felt him ramming harder and more brutally up into her cunt from this rear angled position and she felt his cock tremble and shake, and his wet juices were mingling with her own flooding of cum. In her excitement, she let the cock slither from her mouth, the negro didn't seem to be pushed his companion out of the way and mounted her from the back. Her cunt welcomed this massive and still virile cock to its depths and the searing pain of her tortured ass was forgotten. This was what she wanted...what she lived for!

Noise they made in the contact, like the slapping of a bottom with the flat of the hand. God, what a delight all this gave me! I spent and spent, and so did he. I could feel it running down my l. in streams as his cock beat against my womb. Oh, cunt that contains such a packing cock! My bottom was getting such a spanking from such magnificent balls!

We praised each other's bodies lavishly and sincerely, too, I know, then he said, "I've other treats for your eyes." He stood me up and I wanted to wash my cunt, but he would not let me, saying he wanted to have it slippery and moist to splash at our next fuck. I replaced my wrapper and he his clothes. Then he took me to another part of the farm where he had some sheep. They had been short of their wool and looked neat and prettily about. This part of the farm was isolated from the rest, and there was a little room through which a secret panel gave us a full view of the mating of these gentle beasts. He brought in a male and female who were in heat and came in to me. We watched their amorous dallies, which were tender indeed.

'Oh God, my God, split me ... fill me with your lovely prick ... fuck me ... oheeee ... my God ... that's good fuck me ... split me ... kill me ... split me apart ... fuck me ... sperm in me!" The negro was about to do just that. For the second time in the space of one minute she had her vagina and womb flooded with male semen as her climax erupted again. The quickest two cums in succession she had ever had.

She lay on the bed panting, they hadn't unstrapped her wrists yet although they had gone back to the bar and left her alone. The room was spinning around. Did she feel good? Never had she known such prick satisfaction, not since her last visit to this Bar. She looked down under her body as she raised herself slightly on her knees, wet glistening grey trails of semen flooded her thighs. If all that sperm had overflowed from her cunt, just what sort of amount of the sticky sperm remained inside her? Her womb must be choked up with the stuff. She hoped the pill she took each morning was strong enough to combat such an assault of black seed.

CHAPTER FOUR

Ronnie Kent looked at the sleeping figure of his pretty wife beside him on their bed. It had been a warm night, she lay spread-eagled with the sheets pushed down away from her. Her near-nakedness, only her flimsy nightie covered her belly and the tops of her thighs, gave him a thrill. Then he went cold. He remembered what that tattle-tale at the club had told him the previous evening about Ruth. About her visits to Forty-Second Street with

Samantha Davis. About the way Samantha had lowered herself at a party given by her husband's boss and fucked a black man. That was the sort of woman that Ruth had as

a best friend. The tattletale had added that the two wives had gone up to a black man's club and had a lot of fun sucking pricks and being fucked up the ass if not the cunt! Mrs. Davis had spouted out the lustful details one night at a party when she had drunk too much. That wretched man at the bar, always telling tales, always making happily married couples suspicious of one another.

Ronnie looked down at his lovely wife, he felt the knot in his stomach as he imagined her lovely body being touched by negro hands touched? If what he heard was true she had been far more than 'touched' by black hands. The full impact of what might have happened if the rumors were true filled him with hate. He remembered the talk they had had before going to sleep the previous night. She hadn't denied that these wicked suggestions might be true, she had avoided a direct answer. She was a bad liar, was too straight and above board to brazenly lie to him, even though he wished she had lied so that he might not be plagued with this doubt about her love for him.

She awoke while he was looking at her, they embraced. "Oh darling, darling, Ronnie," she clung to him. "I had the most awful dream, awful. I m glad I'm safe here with you."

He smiled down at her as they cuddled. bad dream, darling? Was it about black men?"

She blushed but didn't answer.

"It's true, isn't it?" he went on. That talk at the bar about you and Samantha Davis going up to Forty-Second Street to a black club, I mean. You did go, didn't you?"

He hoped she would say No, but he knew from her expression she was going to own up, she wasn't going to lie.

She clung to him closer, she to sob. "I'm sorry, I'm very sorry darling. I just don't know what came over me. Don't take offence darling, but I've never been so aroused before, never. It was something out of this world. I can't explain it. We couldn't help it. They stripped us, played with us, oh darling, please don't be angry. It all happened so quickly. It must have been the strange drinks and the heat up there. You know, I have never looked at another man since we have been married, Ronnie, never, but up in that stuffy hot club, well I don't know. When I had my hand on one of the big negroes who was drinking with us, you can't know how it effects a woman darling. They were so big and virile." She drew her husband's hand down to her cunt, his fingers sought the warm flesh v lips, she held his palm hard to her. "Darling, I can still feel him in my pussy, it was so big, so enormous. I didn't want it to happen, it just did, I didn't want to be unfaithful to you, darling, and I don't want to lie to you. It will never happen never. I promise, oh darling, say you forgive me, please. Forgive me?" He wrapped his other arm more tightly around her. She was so pleased he was not reacting in the opposite

way, not rejecting her, not disgusted with her. His next words partly disgusted her though ...

"I'm glad you didn't lie to me, darling," he spoke softly. "I can understand how you must have felt. To tell you the truth I would like to have seen you being slowly fucked by a big black man. I would like to see another man screwing the hell out of you. Especially a black man!"

He felt her go tense, he knew he had shocked her, well she had shocked him when he had heard about her fucking blacks and she had not denied it. Now they were speaking plainly to one another, just how plain and how determined her husband was to encourage her in additional affairs became more clear to Ruth Kent later in the day. It was warm and sunny, and they decided to spend the afternoon in Central Park. It was a deliberate move on Ronnie's part to move their chairs to be facing two black men who were also basking in the sun on the grass.

"Now lean back in the chair, honey," Ronnie told his wife as he settled the chair grips at their lowest rung. He eased her skirt well up her thighs, well aware that two pairs of dark eyes were ogling all the time. The two blacks tried not in the least to hide their interest in the legs of the attractive woman in the chair not far from them.

Ruth knew that as the two men were on the grass lower than her own angle they would be able to see up her thighs at her pussy. She let her legs remain open, she knew they would be able to see up as far as her panties. She was wearing a very thin pair of panties, so thin in fact that if the light was good enough the peepers would be able to make the outline of her cunt lips out beneath the flimsy fabric. As Ronnie settled down in a chair next to his wife's, he knew she was warming to the game. He had caught her looking at the two black men, had seen the exchange of a smile. Now she was being very naughty, and she had her hand up under her skirt and he guessed what she was going. He wished he was in the same low spot as the negroes for Ruth had hooked her finger into the crotch band of her panties and was dragging it away from her pussy. With her other hand she splayed her dark hair so-that when she let the band slip back into position down both sides of the narrow nylon crotch-piece, her twat hair overlapped in thick profusion enough to turn those two blacks into horny beasts, she hoped.

Ruth and Ronnie felt strange pangs of excitement go through them when they saw the wild way the two black men stared up her skirt. Two pairs of lustful eyes feasted and fastened at the cunny between her legs.

"I'm going to leave you now, darling," Ronnie said as he got up from his chair. "You're on your own now, see how far you can get them to go with you!"

He walked across the grass towards the cafeteria. From a table in the window he could look across the open space towards where he had left his wife and by the time he had found a table in the window and settled down to watch what happened, he wasn't surprised to see that the tempted blacks and moved right over alongside Ruth. They were still squatting on the grass, one on either of her, one was rubbing both his hands up and down her left leg, the other negro doing the same to her right leg. Both men blatantly gazed up under her skirt, and not until she had sampled all four hands up to her pantied crotch did she push them away. When she got up to make her way across towards the cafeteria Ronnie was pleased to see that both men moved with her. He knew those sort of blacks, they were not likely to let her get away from them after such a teasing session. He hoped they both had huge pricks, hoped they would fuck her in such a way she wouldn't want to stray for strange prick again. They had looked like vicious men, not the usual happy-go-lucky types. He watched all three go out of the part and he watched until they waited for a at the gate. Then, they were gone!

Ruth stood naked and trembling in a very warm, small room, it seemed ages since she had been in that taxi with the two black men. Their hands had never stopped touching her twat. She had been unable to see where she was being taken, somewhere near the docks by the look of the number of sweated seamen that were on the pavements. Now she was in a strange house. She had been stripped, given a heady wine to drink. About six other black men were in this stuffy room and she felt dizzy. They were all looking at her body, one of the men who had brought her here was standing close behind her. When one of the older men stood up and came across to her, the man behind her put his hands around and under her armpits. While the older man gazed at her closely, her titties were lifted by the man behind her and strong fingers were tweaking her nipples, making them stiff, making them ache, making them want to be sucked. The old man moved around behind her, the other man made her bend forward. She had never felt so ashamed as she did now. The man looking from a range of a few inches at her ass, now the aged head was between her thighs, looking up at her opened cunt. This was a show much more lewd and exposing than the one she had first given to the blacks in that chair, urged on by her horny and vindictive husband.

"How long you been married?" the question was snapped at her by the old negro.

"Just three years," she replied. "Please, can I go now. I want to go back to my husband. I didn't want to come here in the first place."

She was shocked at the loud laughter that followed this remark. The two that had brought her here were again close to her, holding her around the waist, their arms were like steel bars, so strong, so unrelenting. She winced as she felt the fingers of the old man touching her cuntlips, he was pulling the tender flesh down, pulling it open and making her twat a wide hole.

"You've worn well for three years of fucking" the old fellow chuckled. "Don't look as if you've had much prick, in your marriage by the size of your pussy!"

The negroes laughed at his lewd remarks and appraisal of her cunt _qualities. The old man was opening the front of his trousers "I think I'll pay your price but first I must fuck her. You sure she won't be traced?"

"Sure, sure, her husband planted her in the park to get picked up. He saw us, I think, but he don't know us. We're both off to Haiti in the morning so he won't ever see us again. She won't be traced to you, Roy. She'll be the best five hundred dollars you've ever spent!"

Ruth went pale. The drink was beginning to take effect on her and her belly felt on fire. She felt she needed a prick and yet was ashamed to admit it even to herself. She saw the old black man taking out his prick. The old man said he wanted to fuck her first. First before what? Before he paid five hundred dollars for what? Was she being sold like a piece of furniture? What sort of men had picked her up? What vile men had her husband allowed her to fall victim to?

"Lay down honey," his tone was not unkindly. She lowered herself to the carpet, the old negro knelt between her naked legs, his cock stiff and quite large. She found herself looking greedily at the thickening cock stem and put her hands to her belly. She ached, she was hot, she needed one thing! That cock, that thick cock!

The others laughed as they saw her lift her legs and wrap them about the old man as he leaned down towards her naked body. She clung to his shoulders, waiting for him to guide his prick into her. The prick had grown enormously in these last few minutes, it felt heavy and horny as it banged against her cuntlips. With a quick experienced flip of his hips, he had the cock-head between her gash, another quick practiced movement and he lunged it into her twat. She felt his balls slap against her upturned ass crease and she that his prick was a mile long and as thick as a flag pole.

"Fuck me, fuck me," she screamed. The drink had its hold on her mind and body now. The two negroes wishing to make the quick sale had given her a good dose of the sex-stimulating fluid. They wanted her to fuck well with this elderly purchaser of white flesh. It would have done her husband good to see her now. He would have been witnessing a sight he thought he wanted to see. But, he might have changed his mind when his lovely wife was fucking her seventh black prick, for the aged man had paid his money for her, she was his. The two procurers had left, and the old flesh-peddler had started to recoup his outlay of money. Already he had sold her five times to hot, horny negroes who paid well to fuck her cunt for a few minutes.

By dawn, seventeen black men and seven white seamen had found their brief paradise in her lovely cunt. Now she was due for a few weeks rest and recuperation, fucked only by the old black buyer himself. Then she, too, would be on a boat for Haiti. The quick cutting operation on the tip of her clitoris to make her always hot and ready for screwing would have been carried out, a thick rubber wedge would have been secured in her pussy for the journey to stop her being fucked before her new owner took possession of her, and Mrs. Ruth Kent would have found the constant haven of fucking pricks.

Ronnie Kent waited in vain for the return of his wife. He had felt amused and excited at the prospect that he had made her fuck two negroes, little did he realize that he would never see her again.

PART TWO

CHAPTER ONE

Andy Hobart had had the bed pushed alongside the window. If he was going to have to stay bedridden for probably a couple of months he might as well be able to see what was going on even if he couldn't take part. This hideous disease he had first contacted when he had been vacationing in South America with Noreen a couple of years ago had been troubling him, on and off, ever since. It had spoiled the holiday which would have been bad enough, but to make matters worse it was their honeymoon as well, and although the last two years had been happy ones, with his illness up every few months and causing him to stay in bed for weeks at a time, he had never been able to settle down to a good job. This time the doc had told him he had to take a series of injections and stay in bed for two months in an effort to throw off the illness for good. It was not a happy prospect. He was out of work in any case and so was not getting any payment from his company. The sick benefit that could be drawn for him and Noreen hardly covered the necessities and the mortgage of the house, and the financial outlook was grim and dreary.

He heard the front door close, he leaned towards the window and saw the shapely figure of Noreen going down towards the front gate. She was a lovely girl. At twenty-one, she was a few years younger than he was. He was lucky to have such a wife, he knew she was worried about him and about their money problems, but she didn't complain. Last week when the company for whom she worked in the stock room closed, there had been a moment of panic. He had seen her scanning through all the 'want ads' in the newspaper and he knew that with no special qualifications, it wasn't easy for her to get a job that would pay enough to help them make ends meet. The job in the stock room had paid well because she had the opportunity of working overtime. Andy didn't like his wife working the long hours, but he knew they needed the money, and one day, when he was fit and well again, he would make it all up to her.

As she disappeared from his view he picked up the paper. She often marked the jobs she was interested in with a blue pencil. If the paper was marked, it might give him a

clue as to where she was headed in her search for a well-paid job today. Several small ads were ringed with the thick pencil lines. Down near the bottom of the page was one ringed with an extra thickness. Andy Hobart smiled as he read it. It was not an ad put in by a firm at all; in fact, it was not a firm but an agency — an agency with-an East Side address.

"EARN TOP MONEY BE A TOP MODEL
LET THE TOP-MODEL SCHOOL TRAIN YOU
APPLY TO MR. DRAKE
of the
DRAKE AGENCY

The young invalid shook his head. It was like Noreen to try her hand at something like this. All that promise of good money — he knew what lay behind the ideas that most of these agencies were that promised top money for inexperienced models. They asked for a large deposit, the fees were high, and at the end of the training the girl was left high and dry, no modeling jobs, no money at all, and certainly no contracts such as the ad implied. Poor Noreen, she would have to learn the hard way. If she was determined to visit this agency on the East Side, there was nothing he could do to stop her. She hadn't even mentioned to him about her intentions. Well, as soon as they told her the fees for the modeling course, that would be the end of that. She had no spare money to pay for such a luxury. She had to find a job that would pay her well right away, not one with a load of promises for 'Top Pay' at some distant date, when the agency had trained her.

Andy didn't know that Noreen had already contacted the agency by phone. Mr. Drake himself had spoken to her, had explained to her, as soon as he realized from his questioning that she had no money, that it might be possible to train her on a pay-as-you-go basis. Anyway, the Mr. Drake had told her, "Come and see me and we can talk it over. This might be the career that will solve all your problems."

She didn't want all her problems solved, but she did want to earn some money soon and in some quantity. Perhaps the wily gentleman detected the note of urgency and slight despair in her tone of voice. The fat, squat Mr. Drake looked forward to the appointment the next morning with more eager anticipation than was healthy for the would-be model. "Come in, my dear."

Noreen Hobart had found the building in which the Drake Agency had its offices. It was not the sort of place she had expected. The address had sounded important and grand; the building itself was in a narrow back street, well off Fifth Avenue, and needed painting very badly. The dirty sign on the railings indicated that the Agency was in the lower regions of the building, a region that was reached by a steep flight of stone steps from pavement.

Mr. Drake had greeted her himself at the door. There appeared to be no other employees there at all. The office into which he asked her to enter was not badly furnished. In contrast to the outside of the building and the nearby grimy shops and houses the office was luxury.

He asked her the normal questions, her age, her measurements, her experience, if any, at modeling or acting. Then about her more private life. He was sympathetic to hear her story of her husband's illness. At first she hadn't liked this broad and fat, dark-skinned man. She had never liked cold eyes and thin-lipped mouths on men, but this one was doing his best to be Mister Charming himself. As she told him her plight and her need to get a good job as soon as possible, she warmed to the way he seemed to be listening and understanding her problems.

"I think I may be able to help you." He got up from behind his desk and beckoned her to follow him. She crossed the narrow hallway close behind him and followed him into a larger room opposite. She saw that the walls were draped with what looked like stage backdrops, and when he switched on a bright arc-lamp that stood high on a tripod, she saw that not far away was a very professional-looking movie camera.

He closed the door. It seemed that all the sounds of the outside world were cut off at the closing of the tight-fitting door. He nodded toward a small booth in the far corner. "I will have to give you a quick and easy screen test, my dear Mr. Hobart," he told "Just to make sure that we're not wasting our time. I must know if you are photogenic or not. Some girls are as pretty as you, but their beauty does not transfer onto film. I hope that this will not apply to you. Go into the booth and take off your clothing. Leave your bra and panties on, please."

He busied himself preparing the large camera, ignoring her as though she were already out of his sight in the dressing booth. She felt herself blushing, then realized just how silly she was being. Of course, he had to make sure she would be photogenic — whoever heard of a model who could not be photographed?!

Within a few minutes she had taken off her clothes down to her panties and bra. "You can leave your bra off, if you want to," she heard him call out. She hesitated for a moment. 'Might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb' was one of the sayings that Andy was always telling her. It was true now, she thought.

Mr. Drake gazed in admiration at his latest 'victim' of his agency ad as she came from the booth. He quickly directed the lamp so that it illuminated her, in her very tight-fitting black lacy panties, and nothing else. She looked like a lustful man's dream come true! The pantie-band fitted her so tightly was so narrow that more than a few dark curls of her cunt overlapped down the sides. Her titties were milky-white and pure in their fullness and upstandingness. He licked his lips as he gloated on the hard little nipples that peaked each white tit. Her lovely, shapely, long legs curved away from her pantie-legs, bulging gently at the broadness of the tops of her thighs. She was beautiful. Drake, who had seen hundreds of young women clad in no more than Noreen had on, was impressed as he had never been impressed with a new girl before.

It was well over an hour that he kept her posing under the hot lamp. She had to walk, to pretend to run, to dance, to prance and to pose quite still. When at last he turned off the low humming of the movie camera, she was pleased that it was over. So, this was a film test, was it? She hoped that she would be as photogenic as Mr. Drake assured her she would. If that were true, then she was sure he would make haste to give her the

preliminary training and find her some of the well-paid contracts that he had mentioned earlier.

"Just one more thing, my dear." She looked at him as he spoke. He was perspiring. He had worked hard this last hour, he had not spared himself to get onto film the beauty of this girl.

"Yes," she raised her eyebrows. She hoped she could get back into the booth and get her clothes on now. "What else is there, Mr. Drake?"

"I shall have to have some nude shots of you, Mrs. Hobart." He didn't blink an eyelid, even when he saw her blushing. "Go into the booth, take off your panties and then come back. I won't use the movie camera for these shots, but my 35-mm. She did as he requested and, quite naked, she stood near the dark-colored backdrop. He came close to her to show her how he wanted her arms and legs. It might have been an accidental feel, she didn't know, but she felt her bare arm brush against her titty. He had taken off his jacket some time ago and his shirt sleeves were rolled up high and at the brushing of his hairy arm across her nipple, she trembled at the sensation. She saw him leer at her, and before she could step away, his fat arms were around her naked waist. His hands reached up to fondle the soft underside of her titties. He was giving her a far from unpleasant feeling, and although she wanted to push him away, she didn't see the point in aggravating or annoying him at this stage. After all, she was depending on him to help her get all these good-monied jobs she was hopefully after. It was when his pudgy fingers kneaded her huge, fleshy tits until she was shaking slightly all over that she knew she had to stop him.

"Please, Mr. Drake, please let's get on with the test." She tried to shake him from her, but his expression on that broad, bland face was not encouraging to her to expect Mm to release her as easily as that. For the first time since she had come into his agency office, she felt frightened. She tried to push him away with force, but it was not use. He was far too powerful for her, and any more verbal pleading from her wasn't possible, for he had his horrid, thin-lipped mouth compressed hard to her mouth. She writhed and squirmed without any visible result except to make the prick-bulge at his trouser front more conspicuous.

He was trying to dart his tongue into her mouth and she tried to keep her lips closed, but here, too, she was fighting a losing battle from the start. He did take his mouth away from hers, but only to use it in an equally horrid way, as far as she was concerned. He locked one arm tightly around her bare middle and lowered his face so that he could get her nipple of her left breast into his lips. She was pounding at him with her fists. He was built like a broad tank, nothing she did made any difference to him or deterred him in any way. She managed to lean back away from him, but this only gave him the opportunity to grab at her twin asscheeks with his strong fists and forcibly drag her belly and thighs towards his prick. With his free hand, he tugged at his fly-zipper until it slithered down. His cock, heavy and very much aroused, reared out into its needed freedom. Now, she had to get free from him, he was going to fuck her, she HAD TO GET AWAY! Her sudden resumption of the struggle surprised him. He managed to keep

a hold on her, but in the fight they both fell to the carpet. All her remaining breath was thumped out of her as his considerable weight fell on top of her.

He made sure she was underneath as they fell, and knew she was breathless and, for the moment, undefended. He kissed her panting lips again and rammed his right hand hard up between her slightly parted thighs. His thick, stumpy fingers squashed the dark, wispy hair of her pussy as he fingered her soft, pulpy cunt. He felt she was warm and slightly wet, and he wondered when she had been screwed last. He remembered what she had told him about her husband. If he was bedridden, it was more than likely she hadn't been fucked for some time. She must be in need of prick, but in need or not, Drake was going to make sure she got prick now, all right.

Noreen felt his other hand leave her hip, where it had yipped her, and move down to his seemingly enormous cock. He was holding the prick-shaft, guiding it as he maneuvered himself more on top of her. She felt the weight of his body lift from her for a brief moment. It was to enable him to lever his cock into the space between her thighs. She wanted to close her eyes. She couldn't fight any more, she had no more strength, no more breath. Yet she couldn't close her eyes — she had to look down her body, had to look at the cock that was near her. It looked so thick, it was so bloated, bloated with the blood that was gorged at its crimson domed head — and that head! It looked twice the size of her husband's dong-head. It looked like a grotesquely large, over-ripe plum with a deep slit in its center. She felt him pushing her knees outwards with his own strong knees, and she was open and vulnerable now. There could be no escape for her. She dragged her eyes from that enormous prick and looked into his face. He was perspiring even more now, his face, that had seemed kindly, was now positively ugly with his lust for her.

She waited. She knew he was going to get into her twat, he was going to get that fat, long, thick fuck-pole inside her. Suddenly, it was happening. He was thrusting at her, between her spread thighs. That strong 'arm' of cockflesh was pushing aside so easily her loose, fleshy lips. Just as her breath had been forced out of her when he had fallen on top of her when they crashed to the floor, so her breath was again forced out of her body, forced out as that enormous cock was forced in. She felt her cunt walls being stretched, and she was yipping at the length of pulsing dick with all her vaginal muscles. Her tightness was paradise itself for Mr. Drake. He knew at once, as soon as he sank his cock deeply into her, that she hadn't been given prick very much. Two years, she had told him she had been married, but she was as tight as if she were a virgin. It was certain that her husband had not rammed it to her very often, and she had never had a really bull-like pecker up her pussy before. What a perfect little beauty to walk into his web! What good fortune to have a young wife like this respond to his carefully worded ad!

He held her upper arms in his strong grip, keeping her down on her back but allowing her to writhe and twist about in her vain struggle to avoid this fuck. All this agile movement made extra pleasure for him, as he saw her long, lovely legs flailing on either side of him; the way she was lifting her knees in her wild hopeless efforts was making it easier for him to get an even deeper penetration between her writhing, wriggling thighs. The

portly fucker lunged at her. This time he sank every inch of this thick prick deep into the hot, slithery, tight tunnel of her twat. It forced a hoarse gasp from her lips. He pressed his own thin lips to her panting mouth and was surprised to taste the salty flavor of her tears. He hadn't expected her to cry to this extent. Usually, when a young woman was taken as far as this in the sex act, no matter how much they hadn't wanted it, they gave themselves up to it. Not so this attractive young wife! She was still putting up a ridiculous fight, a hopeless struggle to avoid him. He ground his powerful loins into her pussy and fucked at her with the firm, relentless strokes that women adore. Still, she fought, still she tried to punch at his broad chest. Not that she was able to hurt him or stop him. He got his hands around and under her as, cupping one smooth-fleshed jelly-like cheek of flesh in each hand, and held her up to his stabbing cock. He had enormous strength. He hoisted her up so her asscheeks were clear of the carpet, then he rammed at her in a savage attack to sink his cock to her womb.

By the time she had recovered and got herself dressed, she could still feel the sticky wetness of the milky-hot, cream-like cum that had been fucked up into her when Mr. Drake had reached his climax. She blushed as the thought of her ordeal — no other word could describe it! He had fucked his horrid seed high up into her, fucked her, that horrid, fat man had done to her what up to then only her husband had ever done.

She hated herself, and yet she knew it hadn't been her fault. He had forced her to screw, but she still hated herself, still felt guilty. Perhaps it was because she had derived a certain pleasure from the huge cock rammed up her, a thrill that she hadn't experienced until she began to reach her unwanted and unexpected climax.

She had hoped to find another way out of the building without going back through his office, where he said he would wait for her, but she couldn't find another exit. She had to face him again.

She intended to hurry through his office and get back to the street. She would never come back to this place again, never!

"Don't forget the money, my dear Mrs. Hobart." He waved at the pile of notes on his desk. She looked at them. There must be a hundred dollars or more in that little pile! He nodded at the money. "Your first fee, and you deserved it," he chuckled. "For over an hour I filmed you, didn't I, before our little fun? Now the money is yours. I will contact you again when I have a modeling job for you, my dear."

She had picked up the money, thrust it in her handbag and got out of the office as quick as she could. She could do with the cash, and even if she didn't intend ever to see that horrid beast of a man again, she might as well have his money!

On her way home, she had to think of a reasonable story to tell Andy. How had she come by all this money? He would want to know, he would want to know about her job! It was a puzzled and surprised young man who listened to his wife telling him she had been given a hundred dollar advance on salary by a modeling agency and that a Mr. Drake would be telephoning her when she was to have her next appointment. Far from happy at his suspicions, Hobart knew there was nothing he could do about them yet. He was helpless while he had to lie in bed. He only hoped his pretty wife wouldn't get in too deeply with these strange, benevolent agency people.

CHAPTER TWO

If she had been able to get a job with enough money coming in each week, there is little doubt that Noreen Hobart would not have wanted to hear again from Mr. Drake, or if she had heard she would have ignored him. As it was, she did NOT get a well-paid job, she didn't get any sort of job at all, and when, after a couple of weeks, she had a short note from the agency telling her to call and see Mr. Drake the following afternoon, she debated with herself time and time again as to whether or not she should go up to the East Side again.

They needed the money. The hundred dollars was more than half gone and they hadn't paid many outstanding bills with it yet. She would have to go to the agency again. This time would make it quite clear, no funny business. If he had a modeling job for her, some sort of photographic assignment, all well and good. If not, then she would tell him not to contact her again, as he would be wasting his time as well as hers.

She was surprised to find that Mr. Drake himself was not at the agency when she arrived. An elderly woman was waiting for her, a woman who explained she was Mr. Drake's partner. He couldn't be here today, but they had a man they wanted her to meet in the room across the hall.

That sounded reasonable. If this man was a client of the agency and wanted to use her for a model, it was across in the projection room that he would be waiting to see her. She felt safer in this place, now that there was another woman there. She went across to the door that led to the hall. The woman followed her. There was no need to, Noreen knew the way. But the reason why the woman followed was not obvious until Noreen heard the key turned in the lock of the door behind her as soon as she stepped into the projection room. The woman had locked her in, and no wonder. The room was now devoid of the lamps and the cameras. Instead, it contained a bed and one man. A man who was of an Eastern nationality, some distant Oriental extraction, although it was not his oval face and slant eyes that Noreen was looking at, for the man was naked - older than Mr. Drake, more robust and broad, but very much more ugly.

She turned to tug at the door, but it wouldn't budge. "Mr. Drake told me you might try to leave me," the man was teasing her in a mock-polite voice, "but he also told me that you were the type to see reason. You will find, not one hundred, but two hundred dollars in the office on your way out, my dear," he went on. "But first, you have to take off your clothes for me."

Two hundred dollars! They knew how to tempt her, all right, how badly she needed that money! She looked at this horrid man. He stood there, naked and horribly hairy. He grinned at her and was rubbing his fat hands down his hairy chest, massaging the rolls

of flesh at his paunchy stomach in the most revolting way. She saw that he didn't touch his prick. It was still limp, still hanging downwards like a length of dirty, tanned rope. It was while she was gazing down at his cock that he gave a few jerks with his pelvis and the prick grew a little thicker and more stiff.

"Come on, Mrs. Hobart!" He was getting impatient, his voice was not as soft, not as teasing, but more firm with authority. "Old Drake told me you were a slow beginner, but I don't want to stay here all day. Come on, get your clothes off."

Two hundred dollars! The door was locked anyway, what could she do? She was trapped, might as well make the best of it. She got her dress down to her waist, and she saw his eyes gleam as he saw her ripe, lovely titties come into view in their tight-fitting bra cups. She got her hands up behind her and unhooked the bra, letting the cups fall forward as she hunched her shoulders. She didn't like to admit she felt a tingle of pleasure at the way he had silently admitted her partly exposed tits. She felt she WANTED to show him more, to show him what a lovely body she had. It didn't take her more than a few seconds to be down to her panties, as he waited impatiently for her to take off this last delicate article. She hooked her fingers into the elastic waist and slithered them down her hips. Quite naked, she stood trembling as he moved closer to her to admire her voluptuous figure. When he was right in front of her, he lifted his hand and placed his fingers on her face. She felt his index finger touch her lips. He was running his finger around in a small circle, tracing her slightly parted lips and then feeling with his thumb along her lower lip.

"You should be perfect for me," she heard him chuckle. "Old Drake said you would be. This pretty mouth feels just about right for me, just about right."

Noreen felt herself go cold and then very hot. She hated the suggestive way he was pushing his finger against her mouth. Surely he wasn't suggesting that she suck his cock? That would be too much!! He wasn't going to expect her to use her mouth as a cunt?

"From the look on that pretty face of yours," he muttered as he patted her cheek, "you have guessed what I like my women to do for me. Now then, my dear, down on your knees, DOWN ON YOUR KNEES!"

His tone of voice frightened her. She looked again towards the locked door and knew that she was still a virtual prisoner in this room. She dropped to her knees and looked up into his leering face. How ugly he was, not one glimpse of pity or mercy on that large oval face!

The fat, olive-skinned man spread his legs sufficiently wide apart to bring his fuck-pole to the correct level. His lumbering thick cock was level with her face. She turned her head, but his hand at the nape of her neck soon forced her to face him again.

"Come on, you're married, aren't you?" he snapped at her. "You know what to do, you know what men like. Come on, don't stall me. Don't make me angry! "

Yes, she was married, but she had never sucked her husband's prick before. Andy had never wanted her to, never expected her to, and here was this awful, naked, hairy old man expecting her to suck his cock as if she made a habit of such an act of cock-sucking!

She cried out as she felt him grip her hair just above her ears. It was a cruel, painful grip and he twisted her face upwards. He arched slightly at her and managed to poise his limp cock against her lips. She didn't open her mouth, kept her teeth close together behind her closed lips. He was twisting her hair, twining it around his fingers until every slight movement caused her intense pain. Harder and tighter he squeezed, her soft, lipstick-ringed mouth opened just a tiny bit and he jabbed at her mouth with his cock, but, as it was limp, it didn't have any great effect. He carefully dangled it so that the end touched her lips and, lifting himself onto tiptoe, he gently lowered himself so the cock settled more fully into that small hole formed by her slightly opened lips. For a moment it just lay there, a hot limp head of prick-flesh settled on her lips. He held her face between his large palms and looked down into her blushing face.

She knew there was no possible way of avoiding doing what this vile man wanted. She slowly pursed her lips around the soft, spongy dong and brushed her tongue against the bulbous head of it. As soon as she let the cock slither wetly to and fro against her lips and tongue, she felt the painful pressure on her cheeks and hair relax. His horrid hands were caressing her neck and bare shoulders almost lovingly. He bent his knees a little more, so that he could reach down and fondle her titties. It was one of the most bizarre and wickedly stimulating experiences she had known, to have those large, hot hands teasing her tits and at the same time have his cock fucking in and out of her mouth.

He was twisting her nipples between his pudgy fingertips. The old man felt them begin to harden under his stimulation. He looked down at her. Just as Drake had described her, she was a beauty. A white piece of cunt-meat that was beyond price. He gently eased one fat palm under her soft titty. He lifted its voluptuous weight with the side of his palm, then squeezed its fleshiness hard with the fingers of his other hand. He knew this treatment caused pain, but also gave her exquisite pleasure. He knew how to thrill and arouse these white twats! Her mouth felt so wet and so warm and womanly around his stiffening prick, but he knew she was capable of so much more. She would be able to please and thrill a man so much more than this, but she was still shyly afraid in her approach to his cock.

He held her face between his large palms again and, keeping her still, he jammed his cock harder and much deeper into her throat. His prick was quite large now, and he rocked her head back forth with brutal strength as he kept his prick well inside her choking mouth.

"That's the way, honey, that's the way you were intended to use your pretty mouth on a prick. Not the slow hesitant way you were doing, do it like this, like this!"

He began to sway his broad hips to and fro, in addition to forcing her head back and forth, so that as he dragged her head forward he arched at her until her face was buried in the thick, coarse hair that surrounded the base of the cock-stem. She had never had the crisp hair around a male prick against her face, and now she felt the once-limp, loose-skinned cock coming to real life and strength now. It must be twice the size it was when first she took it into her mouth. He grinned down at her. She was choking and spluttering as he tossed the ever-growing cock in and out of her mouth. It was not nearly finished growing yet, not half the size that it could be with this sort of mouth-sucking paid his dong by a white girl as pretty as this one!

Several more minutes and it was almost to full size. The cock was enormous. He could feel it banging against the back of her throat every time he let it slide forward. She looked up at him, a tear-filled, pleading look in her troubled eyes. He knew the expression so well, he had seen it so many times on the faces of young white women, the expression of total surrender. The expression that they know they are at his complete mercy. He always waited for this expression to show on their faces before he completed this little cock-sucking act. Now he began to pump at her tortured mouth with fast, steady lunges, strokes that he knew would quickly bring on his orgasm.

Noreen could hardly believe she was taking all this immense length of prick into her mouth. At first it had seemed impossible, not feasible. Now, as she became more used to having her mouth kept widely open, it didn't seem so utterly impossible. In fact, she was taking all of the long cock-length into her lips and she was no longer being forced to choke and splutter. If she relaxed her mouth muscles, if she became less horrified and ashamed at what was happening, she found it wasn't even hurting her to take all this long prick into her mouth. It was so hard, this growing length of hot flesh and bone, hard and making her cheeks puff out! He gave her a moment's respite for breath as he eased the dick out of her mouth and allowed the hot, smooth prick-head to rest on her lips, which remained open to get her much-needed breath. She felt the hot slime, the pre-cum juice, on the end of his prick, moistening her lips. It was the first taste she had ever had of the male juice. He waited, looking down at her as she licked her tongue along her wet, glistening lips. He saw her gulp and swallow, then she reacted in the way most white girls did. He saw her shape her lips, purse her mouth and lower it to the cock-

head, and he couldn't hold back any longer. The sight of her willingly, anxiously getting his prick into her sweet mouth was enough to inflame the senses of any horny man.

He gripped her head again, held her securely as he rammed his cock to and fro deeply into her throat. "Keep still," he called to her, "keep sucking like that. That's it. Keep on sucking me like that! Don't you dare stop! Don't stop until I tell you, just keep sucking at me like that!"

'Ouugmmmmmmoommmmooommmmm," was the only grunted, stifled reply that came from her well-filled mouth.

She was looking up into his ugly face. She saw he had his eyes closed as he jabbed at her mouth. She knew that there was absolutely nothing she could do, she had to suck his cock and drink his cum. She knew that the hot lava flow of semen was about to explode from his heavy balls at any moment. He was on tiptoe and he grabbed her face harder, pulled her tight to his loins. His cock was down her throat, and she sensed it filling, swelling, pulsating! She felt the thick fluid swelling out the shaft as it rose up the inside of the rammer-stem. An unwanted desire was building up inside her own belly, her cunt was screaming out for a prick and a good fuck. All sense of shame, of disgust, was forgotten, she sucked at the huge cock-head eagerly and wildly. With a strange, savage hunger she gobbled at the hot juice that welled out so forcibly from the cock. She had her face buried in the thick, coarse hair at his belly. All his prick was in her mouth and throat and she loved it. Without shame, she swallowed and gulped, swallowed and gulped, swallowed and gulped the hot sperm, until he pushed her away and fell back across the bed.

"By the almighty Allah, you sucked me dry!" He was almost unable to speak his admiration for her efforts. He was still naked and out of breath by the time she had dressed herself and gone to the door. She had heard the key turn while she had been watching him relax on the bed while she dressed. The woman smiled at her as she went back through the office. This time there was an extra large wad of notes on the desk, two hundred dollars, just as she had been promised.

There was only one snag. It became harder each time to make up a story that sounded true to her husband about the money. This time, as she made her way home in the subway, she wasn't telling herself that that would be the last time she would visit the agency. She had gotten, as well as the money, a shameful sense of gratification at what she had done. She hoped that Mr. Drake would contact her again soon!

CHAPTER THREE

It was over a month later that Noreen made her way up to the East Side offices of the agency again. Not by appointment this time. She had been waiting in vain. for any contact from Mr. Drake. She had used that two hundred dollars. Most of her outstanding debts had been paid, and now she was eager for more cash. She wasn't honest enough with herself to admit that it was perhaps the thrills of the perverted sexual activity she needed for herself as much as she needed the money for bills and Andy. However, she was taken by surprise at the welcome she got from Drake when she turned up, out of the blue, at his office.

"My dear Mrs. Hobart," he rose to greet her after the woman partner had shown her through to his office. "You are a sight for sore eyes. I have been waiting over an hour for another young lady, who, like yourself, was anxious to get on in this business, to turn up. She has lost her chance, now, and you will be given the chance to earn some more easy cash, my dear. "

She followed him across the hall to the room she was beginning to know so well. This time it was set up as a camera room again. The lamps, the camera, and also several men were in the room.

"Gentlemen," he beamed as they all looked towards them as they came through the door. "My intended star has not arrived, but this young lady is just as attractive and has turned up as though sent to us by the Divine guidance." Drake turned to the slightly embarrassed Noreen. "These are my film-makers, my dear. We were all set to make another small sexy film when our intended star failed to turn up. But, here you are. You shall be our star."

For the first time, Noreen noticed that the backdrops in the room were formed into a three-sided room that looked like the inside of a caravan, and through the make-believe windows the tops of circus tents could be seen. The scene was meant to be inside a circus performer's frailer. Drake started to explain the plot of the film to her.

"You are a young lady visiting the circus. You admire the strong, healthy-looking trapeze artists, and follow them to the trailer outside the big top which you think they occupy. It isn't until you get into the trailer that you find, instead of the strong, healthy trapeze men, the trailer is occupied by Shadro, one of the circus dwarfs."

Noreen gave a start, as from behind one of the drapes appeared a strange, large-headed, narrow-bodied little man, a dwarf with an ugly, leering face. "I play the part of Shadro," he chuckled, his voice cracked and strange. "In fact, my name IS Shadro."

Mr. Drake continued, "We shall shoot the circus part of the film later. This afternoon I want to get the trailer scene completed. I will explain it to you, my dear. The dwarf threatens to have you prosecuted for entering his trailer. He will say he caught you stealing, unless you do as he says. Of course, he wants you to undress for him. Now we will shoot from there."

It took them a few minutes to get the camera lined up and the lighting correct, and then the film shooting was to begin. The ugly little dwarf sat on the edge of the bunk that was

supposed to be his bed in his trailer, swinging his short, fat legs as he watched her undress. Her fingers shook as she started to unfasten the buttons on her blouse. Drake, who was directing the action, told her to let her blouse hang open long enough for the cameraman to get a good view of her titties. The man behind the movie camera was experienced at this type of work. He took several shots from the front and the side of her proud tits, encased in the black lacy brassiere. He was just as agile with the camera shots when she unhooked the bra and allowed both her pear-shaped titties to be naked and exposed. The camera moved about for several different angle shots as she slowly disrobed, now and again shooting across her to take in the ugly, leering face of the delighted dwarf.

When she was quite bare, the camera switched to record the dwarf getting out of his circus uniform. When his grotesque body was revealed, and he came closer to Noreen, she found herself looking down at his cock. She knew the camera was still rolling. Her expressions and movements were a part of the film, but she was not acting a part now. She looked down at his thin loins. His prick was not erect yet, but it was beginning to puff and swell and already it was clearly not in keeping with his body. If anything, it was thicker than any prick she had yet seen, and it was not fully aroused yet!

The camera switched quickly from a closeup of her face to the growing cock of the dwarf. When the fuck-pole had grown to a fearless nine or ten inches in length, the camera moved from it to show another closeup of Noreen's face. This time her expression had to be seen to be believed! Drake was very happy to have her lustful expression put on film.

"Embrace him, embrace him," she heard Drake shouting the film instructions to her. She didn't need a second bidding. She enfolded her arms right around the little man's light body and held him close to her own lovely figure. She was surprised at the passion in the kiss of the dwarf as she bent her face to allow him to reach her mouth. The camera was getting a closeup of her hand reaching for the great dong. It showed her soft hand stroking the full length of the prick shaft. She must be in dire need of a hot fuck, old Drake thought to himself. What a piece of luck that she should come up to the office, today of all days!

"Go on, play with his dick. Go on, pump it, pump it!" he called to her. She wanked at the thickening fuck-rod as though utterly determined to make it grow more or jerk it right off in the attempt.

The dwarf placed his large hands under her asscheeks and, showing remarkable strength, picked her up. At once, her legs lifted and curled around his body. It was the natural reaction - she didn't need prompting for that. She locked her ankles behind his back. His long, now pulsating prick furrowed up the deep crevice of her lovely asscheeks, wedging itself between the soft, resilient cheeks of flesh. On the instigation of Drake, the cameraman moved in closer to their bodies. Mr. Drake, himself, using a

portable camera, was shooting from near the floor upwards at the dwarf and the beauty as her hand grasped his cock and guided it towards the dark, curled hair of her pussy. From a perfect viewing angle, Drake was getting the action onto the film, her hand holding the cock was recorded, her movements as she maneuvered and guided the heavy, long cock were taken in great detail, especially when she placed two fingers gently under the heavy weight of the long cock and persuaded its head to plunge into her warm, waiting cunt-hole.

The huge prick slowly burrowed its way up into her body and out of sight of the cameras. One camera turned to her face, to show her expression, as inch after inch of thick dick was fed to her hungry cunt. The angles were perfect, perfect for the cameras, perfect for a deep penetration of cock into cunt.

Drake wished it had been a talkie film. She was moaning and groaning in her passion, a most exciting and lust-provoking sound at any time. The camera showed the dwarf waddling across to his bunk, with the young girl fastened to his enormous prick. As soon as he lowered her down onto her back on the bunk, he started to fuck her like a stallion. The bunk was made to appear that it was two-tiered, but the base of the upper part had been cut away so that the camera could be directed down onto the screwing couple from immediately above them. To see the grotesque dwarf on the body of this lovely girl was a lust-inspiring sight in itself, without the regular closeups of the cock entering her gripping cunt-pit.

Drake had used the dwarf, Shadro, many times in his erotic films. No woman could fail to be aroused and turned on by his huge, horny cock. No acting was required once this dwarf was in the saddle. Noreen Hobart was no exception. "My God," they heard her gasping, "my God, that's good, that's wonderful!" She was completely oblivious to the cameras or the other men in the room. This was what she wanted so badly. The fact that she was really only doing this for the money was forgotten, also. Such a fact didn't seem possible, the way she was behaving. The dwarf was screwing his long cock deeper and with more force up into her twat.

Shadro knew the young woman was not used to getting it so deep by her cuntal contractions. Her vaginal muscles yipped at his prick in a way that threatened to tear the skin off his shaft. The way she writhed and bucked under him, he knew she would have made this film for nothing, whatever Drake had promised her in the way of payment. The cameraman was getting the perfect closeups of her face from above the bunk, her expressions were as wantonly lustful as any man could ever wish to see on the face of a pretty woman. Her expression meant but one of two things - she was either in great pain from torture or in exquisite pleasure from having a terrific cock thrust deep into her cunt! Her forehead was covered in tiny beads of sweat, and down there in her twat, she was getting the most vivid, the most wonderful, the most beautiful sensation she had ever known. God, how she had needed this sort of fucking! For nearly two months she

had not had a screw with Andy, only with Drake and the cock-sucking act with the older man in this very room. Those had been her only sexual relief during her husband's illness. Now, she was making up for her lack of hot fucking in her marriage.

The cameraman quickly changed his angle from above to the side. Drake had instructions to the dwarf. Shadro was rising slightly on his knees, allowing the camera to show the extent of the huge growth of his cock as he half slid it out of her cunt. Then, gathering all his strength, the horny dwarf lunged harder at her. The camera rapidly angled to her face, to get her anguished expression of tortured lust as the tremendous cock slithered into her very womb. Her eyes flew open, a wild, abandoned look came to them and her expression was one of the wildest lusts and of disbelief - a disbelief that any man could get his penis in a woman as grotesquely deep as this dwarf was fucking her. She was sure he was stretching her womb with the great swollen head of his prick!

Her arms were up around his neck. "Ohhh —ohhhhh — oheeeeeuuughhHHH ... I've ... never had a cock in so deep as this," she moaned. "Never had it like this before."

The dwarf was reaching for a tubular, straw-filled pillow which was under the bunk. He got it up to the bunk and thrust it under her asscheeks as she helped him by clinging to him as he raised his body. The pillow pushed her cunt up at his prick in a most unusually steep way, now that the penetration was even greater, even deeper, even more womb-filling. Shadro was not a heavy man, but he was strangely strong and powerful. He was using every last ounce of his strength to fuck himself into this lovely girl under him. This was one of the best and most realistic scenes that Drake had ever shot. Seldom did he get a young, pretty girl like this so cock-starved as to be this greedy for it!

Noreen had her head up off the bunk mattress, her lovely hair spread back and downwards like a fan of silk as she jerked herself upwards to meet his merciless jabs and thrusts at her impaled cunt. Her arms had dropped from around his neck. They lay spreadeagled on either side of her, her fists opening and closing in agitated, spasmodic movements. Now her lovely, long, shapely legs lifted. Only her ass remained on the raised bolster, her body tense and taut as she allowed the vicious fucking to continue. Shamelessly she gave herself to the dwarf, to his massive deformed cock, and her every movement, her every expression was forming a part of the film.

No one in the film room was surprised when the climax she reached was the best she had ever experienced. Women had been known to pay and pay well for the services of this dwarf, once they had sampled his stud-like prick. This young wife was a slave to the power of his cock already, and he hadn't fed her his sperm yet!

Far from reaching his own orgasm, Shadro was working away at her, bringing her towards her second peak. This was just as wonderfully pleasurable as the first, and far

more prolonged. Now she was being taught what a woman's body was made for. This was the sort of pleasure that made life worth living, this was the peak of sensual excitement that made women WANT to open their legs for any man with a thick, ready cock for them!

In the drawer of his desk, Mr. Drake had a box of little pills that were prescribed to make women cock-hungry. The experience of a fucking with this dwarf would have the same effect on them - no woman could have Shadro inside her and not want more and more cock afterwards. No woman could get enough prick once Mr. Drake started them on a course of his pills OR let Shadro get his prick up them instead. In the case of Noreen Hobart, she was fucking the dwarf - she would never need a course of pills to inflame her sexuality!

This was one of the very best film sequences that Drake had ever shot. It would be a fine finale to his new film, 'Circus Lusts,' Part One.

Part Two would be even more exciting and satisfying, if he could persuade this new 'star' to be as keen to fuck with animals as she was to go with this human stud that was fucking her to her third climax at this moment.

In a straw-strewn kennel at the back of the building, a massive Great Dane was asleep. If Mr. Drake had his way at the next film session, the Great Dane would be very much awake. The huge beast might be where the dwarf was now, embedded high and tightly up in Noreen Hobart's cunt, sending her to the moon!

CHAPTER FOUR

"Hello, Andy boy, nice to see you again!" The burly man held out his hand to grasp the frail hand of his visitor. "Must be all of six months since we saw you last, boy. What's been the matter, been laid up or something?"

Andy went with the burly gent through to the room at the back of the house. This was one of his first ventures outside his own house. Only a few days ago, the doctor had said he might start going out again and, apart from the short walks to the park escorted by Noreen, he hadn't been out at all. He had waited for Noreen to go off on another of her mysterious photographic sessions at the Drake Agency before he decided to try and make it down to see his old friend Buddy Baxter.

Baxter was not the sort of individual that one took a pretty wife along to visit. Andy had known him for some years, but it was only just prior to his latest illness that they had become close enough friends for Baxter to offer the young man an opportunity of making some extra cash on the side.

Buddy Baxter was a dealer - a dealer in many things, some quite straightforward, some not so innocent, and some downright dangerous. It had been the intention of Baxter to entrust an important mission to his new friend. He had wanted him to take a trip once a month to Philly and Boston. His mission was planned to distribute, to various contacts, well outside New York, films for the stag clubs, films for the private clubs and films for the dealers who wanted the real 'blue' films for resale.

Baxter had many contacts in New York, but for the distributing job he wanted a stranger, a man whose face was not known, a man he could trust. Andy Hobart filled this role in all quarters and the plans had been made, the price arranged - a price that made Andy's mouth water - and then his illness had struck again.

Now he was feeling well enough to at least move about on his own, so he contacted Baxter as soon as he could. He wanted to start his role in the distributing chain, if the vacancy was still there for him. He would have to tell Noreen that he was traveling for a firm. He could pretend he was having to leave New York for a week or so at a time in order to visit the firm's regional bases. He couldn't very well tell his loving wife he was peddling in movies of, to say the least, indelicate subject matter! Noreen would die of shock if she knew he was making money out of a racket such as that!

He was glad to hear Baxter expressing such concern about his illness, even more pleased to have the burly dirt-peddler tell him that he could start the very next week, if he felt well enough. "Leave here on Monday morning, my boy," he told Andy. "I can stack you up with enough stuff to keep you busy on the rounds for two weeks. Here's a hundred on account - I think you're in need of some dough - and the rest will be waiting for you when the job is completed. If you'd sent the wife along to tell me you were ill, I would have let you have some cash, boy," the burly Baxter added.

Andy knew that Baxter was aware he had an attractive wife, but he had taken great care that the two should never meet. If he could help it, Noreen never meet this man. This was a side of his life he wanted to keep quite separate.

"Just had a few new films in only last week, my boy" Baxter was going on, as they sat enjoying a drink in the privacy of the back room of this very expensively furnished apartment. "One of them is particularly good. Old Drake - he's the man who makes some of them - has got hon of a new girl. Very pretty she is, and what a fucker! If you've got time, my boy, I'll run the film through for you. It's a good one, I can tell you."

Andy had plenty of time. He helped Baxter set up the projector on the table and unroll the screen that was hung up on the far wall. He settled himself down in one of the deep armchairs to enjoy the film. He was unaware that he was just about to be given the greatest shock of all his life, and Baxter was quite oblivious to the fact that the pretty girl

who was the 'star' of Drake's new films was none other than Noreen Hobart, the pretty wife of this young man, waiting in eager anticipation for the naughty film to commence.

No sooner had the screen come to life than Andy clamped a hand to his mouth. It couldn't be! There, on the screen, plain as you like, was a strange man who looked of Oriental extraction, and with him was a very shapely and attractive young woman — Noreen! She was letting the man undress her, letting him maul her, excite her and arouse her lusts! The scene was seemingly taking place in what looked like a prison cell. The man was clad in a somber uniform which, along with his rather evil face, gave the film a sinister meaning.

"Is that ... is that Drake?" Andy asked, the name ringing a bell with him now. He had not connected the two when he had heard Baxter mention the name. Drake was the name of the agency that Noreen had been going to. This was the sort of photography sessions she had been taking part in, and she had let him believe it was for an advertising firm!

"Yes, that's Drake, the old devil!" chuckled Baxter. "And that's the new girl. I don't know who she is or where he got her from, but she's a hot one, isn't she? A perfect find for this sort of movies, Andy — you wait and see her perform!"

The camera moved to show the door of the cell. Another slimmer and younger man was there in a similar uniform. The film had been called 'Captive of the Eastern Thongs,' and Andy saw that the man at the cell door, if he was not an actual Oriental like Drake, then his makeup was very, very good. Not that Andy was concerned so much with the second man, but more with the huge Great Dane that he held on a tight choke-chain. It was clear that the dog was panting and anxious to get into the cell, to get to the bunk where Drake had persuaded Noreen to lie. She was now stark naked and looking ravishingly lovely. She didn't seem unduly alarmed when the beast was allowed its freedom and leaped to the bunk. Andy didn't know that his wife had been drugged before the filming of this particular session drugged to want sex more badly than ever, drugged to get fucked by anyone or anything.

Baxter was enjoying the film even though he had run it through a dozen or so times since he had taken possession of it. The long, pointed tongue of the dog was lashing at the open, raw, hot cunt of the young woman, and she was enjoying every moment of the sensations that were being invoked in her by the dog. The clever camera work showed in various angled closeups the expression on Noreen's face. There could be no doubt of the extent of the lustful pleasure she was getting from this most unnatural sucking of her cunt!

The man who had brought the dog to the cell now moved to the bunk, and he and Drake maneuvered the girl onto her knees, bending her to be in the all-fours pose so that she

would be a natural mount for the hot, horny beast. In agonized silence and horror, Andy watched the huge dog heave itself up onto Noreen's ass, its hefty, hairy forelegs resting along her naked, bent back. Under the shaggy belly of the beast could be seen the long, pointed prick. Moisture was already dripping from the tip, and with the unsteady urgent thrusts to and fro of its hind quarters, it was trying to seek the opening and the angle that would bury the cock deeply into the young woman's hot, waiting cunt-hole.

"Good, eh?" Andy hardly heard Baxter. "She takes it as if she's been waiting for a dog fuck all her life. You just watch her, she loves it, boy — I've never seen a girl fuck a dog as readily as this one does!

The dog was not going to make the insertion without help, and Andy saw his wife reach under and through her thighs to clasp at the pointed dick. He saw her hoist the shaft and try to lower her own haunches so that the dog-cock would make contact with her cuntlips.

Andy was stunned to silent horror as he saw all of that long doggy-cock slide easily up into Noreen's twat. The pointed prick was buried to the very hilt, and Noreen was wriggling and jerking back at the beast as if to make sure she had it all and to give the impression she still wanted more and more dong-length stuffed to her.

Noreen bucked and heaved in frenzied movement with her canine fuck. No better than an animal herself, she was giving herself up wantonly and completely to the bestial union. The camera moved from the region of the girl and dog joined in union to the contorting face of the almost demented girl. Never had Andy seen these expressions on the face of his wife, never had she shown this sort of lust-crazed movements and contortions when he fucked her! It was taking a Great Dane to bring out the real lusts from her lovely body! As Baxter had said, she was the perfect 'find' for this sort of movie. No wonder she had plenty of money these days, no wonder she was never interested in screwing with him. "Look after your health, dear," she told him. "You must take it easy, darling." She persuaded him that he had to leave cunt alone until he was better, much better, and all the while she was getting all the cock she wanted in this sort of vile movies. Not only men but dogs she fucked in her hot fuck-hole!

Faster and faster the beast was pumping its long prick in and out of Noreen. The wretched animal must be reaching her womb with a prick that length! Surely they weren't going to let the dog shoot its cum inside Noreen - surely they would drag the dog away before it had its climax! The movements of dog and woman were almost too rapid in their frenzy for the eye to follow, and it became obvious to Andy that the beast was to be allowed to empty its scum inside his wife's womb. Harder and harder Noreen was screwing herself back to the panting, horny beast. She was clearly anxious for the orgasm to take place, anxious for her own climax as well as to experience the ultimate revulsion of having the doggy seed deposited in her cunt.

A clever closeup of her face left no room for doubt that she was having her orgasm. She had reached her sexual peak. The camera moved quickly to show her convulsing asscheeks, her body was jerking out of control. She literally being fucked insane by the dog! Two large hands came into the line of the camera's vision. They belonged to Drake. He was pressing hard against the rump of the beast, keeping the canine loins pressed tightly to Noreen's cunt. The prick must have still been jerking inside her, but the dog was not being allowed freedom to move back from her. All the strength of the lunge and recoil of its long prick was taking place INSIDE the very depths of her pussy. From the wild contortions of the shaggy-haired hindquarters, the dog was shooting its load, the beast was climaxing deeply inside Noreen's womb. She would never be quite the same woman again - no woman is, once she had had the long, pointed cock of a large dog ramming out her womb!

Just before the film came to its end, short shots were shown of her being well fucked by first Drake and then the other uniformed man. Andy wasn't sure how long after the dog rape his wife had been fucked by the two men, but whatever the time range, she was ready and willing to have another screw with them.

When Baxter switched on the light again, Andy saw the burly man had a hard-on that almost burst the front of his trousers. Baxter didn't try to hide it. No matter how many times he saw that film he always got a horn like this. Andy was ashamed at the size of his own aroused cock. It might have been his own lovely wife taking part in that film, a real starring part at that, but he couldn't help but be sexually affected by it.

'That girl is in several of the films I shall be sending with you next week, my boy," Baxter told him. "Drake has kept her pretty active since he found her talent for fucking. I've got one film here showing her being double-fucked with two blacks. Would you like seeing that one now, boy?"

"No, not now," Andy felt sick. He wanted to get back home and get away from Baxter before the man guessed that something was wrong. What with him trying to keep his interest in these films a from Noreen, while all the time she was actually taking part in them, it a bizarre angle to it. The fresh air made him feel better, and by the time he got home he had recovered from the shock.

He wouldn't tell Noreen he had found out about her new money-making activities. It was too late now to make any difference, wasn't it? He was not sure how long ago that dog film had been made, but it was clear Noreen was too deeply involved for him to ever be able to save her.

Might as well make money himself from the racket. He wished now he had stayed and seen the film Baxter mentioned. It would be stimulating to see pretty Noreen having two

massive black pricks fuck her. Strange, the more he thought of his wife screwing with other men, particularly black men, the more anxious he was to get pleasure for himself from between her lovely legs, at her much-fucked cunt.

His sex life was going to begin again. This time it would not be fuck-sessions of love, but a series of fucks of lust and desire. It was clear that this was the sort of brutal ravishment that his lovely wife enjoyed most, the sort of savage fucking that she needed.

He grinned to himself. He mustn't fuck her too often, mustn't take the edge off her appetite for cock, or she wouldn't make so much money with the movies, would she?

PART THREE

CHAPTER ONE

Trina Weston was taking her time getting herself ready tonight. She hoped her parents would be leaving the house soon. It was always on Tuesday evenings they went over to their friends, the Harveys, they played bridge, and usually they didn't get home until the early hours of the morning. That was why Tuesday evening was the ideal evening for Trina's date with her new boyfriend. If he kept her out late, and she was pretty sure he would, then her parents wouldn't know what time she got in, if they were still out. When a girl is sixteen and very pretty, it is natural that her parents like her home at a respectable time.

Not that her boyfriends kept her out very late as a rule. They were mostly about her own age and had to be home well before midnight, but this evening she was meeting a new friend - she hesitated to call him a 'boy' friend. It was a man friend, her first date with an adult, and a good-looking and well-built young man he was, too. No girl could wish for a more handsome escort.

Young Trina had been thrilled to pieces when Steve Quantock had first shown his interest in her. She had been with a group of her teenage friends in the restaurant across at Cable Avenue, the juke box had been going full speed, the kids had been cavorting in their antics that consisted of jerks and rolls and that passed for modern teenage dancing. Then Steve Quantock had come on the scene. He hadn't liked all the noise. It was through his intervention that the manager had made them tone down the juke box. Trina had been impressed with the self-assurance of this young man, so different from her young friends, all bragging and loud-mouthed, yet when it came to the real thing, so lacking in guts. This man was different. When he spoke, the manager of the place listened; when he wanted coffee at the table at the back, a waitress hurried to serve him. He was someone important in his own little sphere, as though the little Italian

manager were afraid of him. Trina wasn't afraid of him, although some of her friends seemed to be. They drifted away in their twos and threes. Soon only Trina and a youth were left of the noisy dancers. A word or two from Steve Quantock and the youth left, and she was alone in the place with this handsome, strangely cold-eyed young man. She had to leave for home, and so she didn't spend much time with him, long enough only for him to make the date with her.

"Next Tuesday," he had said. "I'll pick you up here, honey, at eight o'clock. Don't be late, honey. "

She wouldn't be late. To be told a man (he must be all of twenty-six or more!) was going to take her for a date was her first thrilling experience. It was half-past six or seven at the latest that the kids asked her to meet them for dates. This man had said eight o'clock. That was a real grown-up time. What a good thing it was a Tuesday, too. She would not have to hurry home.

She waited near the restaurant just before eight. She didn't want to get involved in the other teenage dancing tonight. Steve was just a few minutes late, not many minutes but enough to make her anxious, enough to make her fear he had changed his mind or had second thoughts about taking a girl out as young as sixteen. Still, he couldn't know her age, could he? She looked older than sixteen, especially when she was made up like she was tonight. Just when she was really getting worried and feeling sorry for herself, Steve appeared. A smart, two-toned car drew up close to the curb and he waved to her; a moment or so later they were speeding for the countryside. Her first date with an adult man had begun!

Young Trina was delighted at the way he kept glancing down at her legs. She liked to be admired by the opposite sex, of course; and this man, so handsome, must have dozens of girls he could have asked out this evening. But he had asked her, and he was gawking at her legs as if she were something really special.

She let the short skirt ride higher up her thighs, then had second thoughts when he nearly drove the car off the road.

"Where are we going, Steve?" she asked, not that she really cared, as long as she was with this attractive hunk of young manhood and as long as he delivered her back home, safe and sound, before her parents got in.

"My uncle has a place not too far away," he told her quietly. "I think you will like it there. But the meantime, honey, come closer to me. You're sitting across the seat as if you were afraid of me or something. You're not one of those stupid young shy pieces, are you, honey?"

She blushed. The last thing she wanted to do was create an impression that she was shy or stupid, or not used to having dates with grown men. She eased her lithe figure closer to him. That's better, honey," he muttered, and she felt a quiver of tingling, thrilling sensation run through her as she had her thigh against his thigh. Her tingling increased a millionfold when he nodded down towards his lap. "See if you can find something to amuse yourself with while I'm taking you to my uncle's place," he murmured, his eyes twinkling at her as she tried to hide her embarrassment.

If she didn't want him to form the opinion that she was one of those 'stupid shy pieces' she knew she had to do something. She guessed what it meant when he said, "find something to amuse yourself with." She fumbled with his fly zipper. Her heart was thumping like a hammer and as rapid as the tattoo of a machine gun. A shiver went through her as she felt something move under the folds of his underpants when she started to pull the zipper down. The thing that had moved was like another arm, lengthy and bulky. She pulled the zipper down quickly and dived her hand inside. To hesitate now only her more embarrassed and shy. For the first time in her life she was actually holding a male prick, and she liked the sensation it gave her to feel it throbbing in her palm.

Young Trina felt hot in her cunt. She had never felt quite like this, never been so aware of the urge to be felt between her thighs. She wanted Steve to put his hand to her twat in the same way she was fondling him, yet he was driving fast, so he couldn't take his hand from the wheel.

It was when they were approaching the bright lights of the Village that he told her she had better put her 'plaything' away. Her soft hands had made his prick throb into a thickness and weighty strength that had amazed her. With the utmost reluctance, she thrust the hard rod back into the trousers and underpants. She didn't know this part of town at all. She had never been to the Greenwich Village area, and as the car drew down a narrow side street and came to a stop outside a row of dingy, grim-looking terrace houses in the East Village, she was surprised that Steve knew anyone who lived in a place such as this. It was his uncle he had said — they were going to his uncle's place and she would like it there. Well, she didn't like the look of the place yet. She was helped from the car by her smiling, handsome escort. He gripped her as they waited at the unpainted front door of one of the houses. Steve had pressed a buzzer in the very up-to-date intercom device at the side of the door. Through the small grille came the voice. It was high-pitched and had a foreign twang to it, an Eastern accent, Trina was sure.

"Yes, yes, what is it?" the squeaky voice asked.

"It's Steve," the young man spoke with his mouth close to the grille, "and I've got the flower."

His words didn't make sense to Trina. Neither did the high-pitched cackle that came from the unseen man within the house. She heard the sound a bolt being drawn automatically, and the door swung open. "Come up, come up, my young friends," the voice cackled. Steve still gripped her as they stepped into the dimly lit hallway. The door swung shut and the bolts controlled by the automatic device slid home.

It was up a winding, narrow staircase that she went with her handsome, young, new boyfriend, up past the first landing, up to the second. A light showed that the door at the top of the second flight of stairs was open. A man stood in the doorway, waiting for them, a tall, lean, sallow-faced man whose small slant eyes and thin, almost lipless mouth indicated his Oriental origin. He stood aside as the young couple passed into the thickly carpeted hall. He closed the door and bolted it, and as Trina turned to ask her escort if this was, indeed, his uncle (a relationship that she found impossible to believe), the tall, angular Oriental took her in his long arms. Before she could resist, he was embracing her tightly, his thin mouth was at her own lips. One skinny hand was gripping the nape of her neck, his other hand cupped her young, fleshy asscheeks and pulled her hard to his body. He was so strong, she felt her tits being compressed against his hard chest. He was slipping his tongue between her teeth, a vile, long, wet tongue that was warm with his saliva.

She groaned. She had to - she had never been kissed like this. The hand at her neck held her so tightly she could not turn her head. The hand on her ass crushed her against the man, as well caused her thrilling sensations at the way the fingers clawed at her flesh through her dress and panties.

When the man released her, she was panting. She felt limp, and was glad when Steve held her again and helped her follow the tall, lean Oriental through into a very humid room. "You have brought me a very beautiful flower this time Steve," the Oriental was saying, "a very beautiful indeed, my boy."

Now, in the better light of this small, square-shaped room, Trina could see Steve's friend better. The man was older than she had thought. He must be in the sixties, from the look of those deep lines on his angular face. The yellowish, sallow complexion didn't help make him any more attractive looking, and the young girl felt positively ashamed at the pleasure she had felt when this man kissed her.

"She had much experience, boy?" the man asked. "And are your traces well covered?"

Steve nodded. "All safe, no worries there. And I don't think she's had much experience if any. She played with my cock on the way up here, she liked that. I'm sure she's ready."

The Oriental smiled that slow, crooked grin of his and he beckoned the girl to come across to where he stood. "So, you played with young Steve's cock, did you, my flower?" he chuckled. "Undo my trousers and play with mine, then."

She didn't move. It was Steve's arm about her waist that led her across to the tall, waiting Eastern man. "Go on, honey," Steve murmured, "it will be all right, you'll see. Everything will be fine. Just do as Wang says. You liked playing with my prick, didn't you, honey? Go on, play with his, you'll find you like doing that just as much. Go on, don't be a stupid shy piece, honey!"

His words coaxed her again. She would be all right, he had told her so. Just do to this man what she had done to him in the car, that was all. Her hands trembled as she reached for the fly zipper in the silk suit the man wore. She gasped when she exposed his prick. It was larger than Steve's and as solid as iron! The head was so red and swollen-looking, and as she held it, the throbbing was violent enough to send tremors right up her wrist and upper part of her arm! She fondled the cock just as she had done with Steve in the car. Her inexperienced movements seemed to please as well as amuse the smiling Oriental.

Wang had his hands on her slim shoulders, "You liked playing with Steve in the car, my dear, didn't you?" he asked. His voice was still quavery and high-pitched, but in a way coaxingly kind. She nodded. It was the truth, she had enjoyed the sensual feeling she got when she had felt Steve's prick. The tall Wang pursed his lips as if waiting for her to kiss him, but she didn't do so, not until Steve came closer to her and put his hand to her back.

"Kiss Wang, Trina dear," the young man told her softly, "kiss him while you play with him."

She had to stand on tiptoe to get her face near enough to the tall, skinny, Oriental face. She put her mouth to his lips and kissed him, trying to use her tongue in the way he had used his a few minutes before. She had her tongue sliding about inside his wet mouth while she manipulated his very long, thick cock with both her hands.

After a few minutes, a few exciting moments for the girl, Wang drew his face back from hers. His voice had changed, still high-pitched, but with the unmistakeable tone of authority in it. "Down on your knees!" he snapped at her. She was startled. He felt Steve's hands on her hips - he was trying to push her down! She suddenly felt frightened, and very strangely stimulated as well. She dropped to her knees on the thick pile carpet at the man's feet and saw Wang looking directly down inside the front of her dress. She knew he must be getting a fantastic view of her brassiered tits.

The long, spidery fingers of the Oriental gripped her slim shoulders fiercely as he gloated down at her upturned face. "My sweet flower," he was saying, "I want you to

take my cock in that pretty mouth and suck me as hard as you can. Do you understand, pretty flower? But before you do, I want Steve, here, to take your blouse off your lovely body. I like to watch the milky white tits of a girl as young as you bouncing while she is giving her homage to Wang's beautiful cock."

Suddenly his right hand left her shoulder and dived down inside her blouse to rake his nails across her tit just above her bra edge. Then he gripped the little nipple between its finger and thumb and massaged it in a rolling movement. She gasped and grunted. They knew they were making her hotter between her legs, making her more horny, making her easier to maneuver in their vile attentions to the young girl.

"Such beautiful tits should not be covered while she is in the presence of Wang, who appreciates such beauty," the old Oriental chuckled as he watched Steve getting the girl's blouse unbuttoned and taken from her shaking shoulders. The long, talon fingers of the older man unhooked the bra from her shoulders, and the young white tits swung free and naked. He took a tit in each hand and massaged the nipples as Trina, throbbing with a new impassioned sexiness, bent her face to his huge cock-head and sucked it into her mouth.

She knew that the majority of folk would think this was an utterly disgraceful thing she was doing. Her parents would die of shame if they could see their sixteen-year-old daughter sucking avidly at the yellow cock, and yet the way this old man was making her feel as he rubbed her nipples caused the girl to want to please him. She found she didn't find this cock-sucking anywhere near as repulsive as she would have imagined. She was almost sorry when Wang pushed her away from him.

"All right, sweet flower," he said softly. "I believe Steve is right. You ARE ready!"

She watched him taking off his silk suit, then his underclothing, which was also of silk and expensive. Steve was helping her get her skirt unzipped and down, her little garter belt was unhooked, and the belt and the nylons pulled down her legs and off. In only her brief panties she let Steve take her across to the long, narrow divan that stood along one wall of this small room. She lay down. She was on her back, looking up at the two leering faces. Steve didn't look nearly as handsome now. He was glaring at her, an expression of lewd triumph on his face.

"Now, then, Trina," he spat the words at her, "show Wang what you have for him."

She blushed. Never had she felt so embarrassed, or so hot between her legs, either. She saw both men staring at her panties. "Come on, honey," it was Steve urging her on. "Come on, Trina, show Wang what you've got under those pretty panties for him."

"I want pretty miss to tell me, as well as show me," Wang intervened. "Tell me, sweet flower, what you have under your panties for Wang. Tell me, pretty child."

"It's ... it's my ... It's my ..." The girl hesitated. She always referred to her cunt as her 'pussy', but she felt that was a schoolgirlish term. She knew these men wanted her to say something more adult. "It's ... my cunt ... it's my cunt," she blurted out.

She knew at once she had said the right word, for the old Oriental was rubbing his hands in pleasure, his evil face beaming. She felt him sucking her nipples as he lowered his long, angular, naked body to hers. Wang was an expert at breaking-in the cherries of white girls. His fingers toyed between her legs as he sucked at her teenage titties. He had her writhing and sobbing in her awakened passion. Trina felt herself getting far more moist and hot between her legs than she would have believed possible, as the long fingers of the Oriental rubbed and masturbated her sweet twat flesh. She felt something new and very wonderfully strange happening between her thighs, something very hot and very heavy caressing her upper thighs. The old oriental sucked, rubbed, finger-masturbated and teased the young girl by letting his hot, heavy prick sway and rub against her thighs and then her belly. He was making her hot for it, making her want him to fuck her more than anything else in the world. He was getting her worked up to the pitch where she would want to die if he didn't give her what she needed.

He had his sallow face alongside her hot cheeks. She was perspiring, and he licked the wet fluid from her chin and forehead. Then, with his lips to her small, dainty ear he whispered obscenely, "What is it you want, pretty flower? Tell Wang. Tell Wang what it is you want so badly."

She had her slim white arms up around his shoulders, her face had a begging, pleading expression. "You ... you know what I want . . I want ... you know what I want!" she gasped, amid her sighs and sobbings.

He chuckled, his face still at her ear. "Tell Wang. Wang wants you to tell him what you want, pretty one," he whispered. "Go on, tell me. Tell Wang what you want!"

Her eyes were wide and staring. He gripped her little chin and tilted her face towards his. He was waiting for her to use the crude words. She was hot for prick, for this man to fuck her. He waited, he knew she would give in.

Her lips trembled. "Please, please Wang, I want your cock. I want your cock. I want . . ." She remembered the words she heard the older girls at school use sometimes, and she sensed that this man wanted her to use the same words. "I want you to fuck me ... I want your cock to fuck me ... fuck me... fuck me!"

Now that she had spoken the fateful word, she seemed to get added satisfaction from using it time and time again. She was still babbling the word 'FUCK' when she as good as passed out. She remembered the pain, she knew it was when he was pushing that huge cock into her, then as she came back from the blackness that had momentarily caused her to faint, she felt unbelievably good. She felt so wonderfully happy and full of well-being, especially down in between her legs, at her cunt. Wang was grunting like a pig. He was also pumping away good and hard at her hot pussy. She felt his solid prick way up inside her, and had never realized a man went so far into a girl when he put his prick in her! Then she felt something very hot and wet spurting inside her. The man was shaking as if he were having a fit, throwing himself hard against her, time and time again, until a few seconds after the wetness had stopped shooting. Then he lay on her, panting, breathing heavily. She realized she had her arms about his waist, she had been hugging him to her, making him use all this force, urging him to fuck her even harder. She lifted her feet and her legs over his back. She felt that once-solid, hard dong inside her. It was now limp, but it began to get stiffer as she wriggled her ass and thrust up at him.

She saw Wang look across to where Steve sat in a chair near the divan. "She'll do," the old man panted. "She loves it! Use the pad"

The last thing Trina saw was Steve's hand coming down to her face. In his palm was a grey-colored, rubbery sort of pad. It was pressed to her face as the distinct smell of chloroform filled her nostrils. This time the blackness that enveloped her befuddled mind was more lasting.

Wang eased his bulk up from the still figure. He gently fingered the little gash that was decidedly more open now than it had been a few minutes ago, then he put a palm to her belly. "She's short-coupled, Steve," he said softly, "but you were not to know that. She's the type who will get pregnant easily if I am not careful. I think it will be best if I get Doctor Tse Ling to operate on her before I put her to work. Do you want to fuck her now?"

Steve turned away from the lifeless body on the divan. He shook his head. He didn't fancy fucking a girl who was drugged into unconsciousness, and he didn't fancy putting his prick where Wang had just emptied his hot load of sperm, and he felt more than slightly ill at the thought of this pretty sixteen-year-old having one of Tse Ling's operations. He knew what that meant. She would be sterilized, so that whatever happened to her, she would never be made pregnant, and she would also be circumcised in the Eastern style that would insure she would always easy and quick to respond to her sexual urges.

Wang was getting a robe on to cover his sweating nakedness. He handed the young man a long envelope. Steve thrust it into his inside pocket. He didn't have to open the

envelope, he knew what it contained — the usual thousand dollars that he got whenever he brought a 'new flower' to this den of Wang in the East Village.

Back in Brooklyn, the youngsters would be sporting and making as much noise as they wanted in the restaurant. Steve Quantock would not be visiting that district again for some time. After a conquest, he moved to a new area. It was better that way. He would not be returning to Brooklyn, and neither would sixteen-year-old Trina Weston.

CHAPTER TWO

Tuesday night was bridge night, the one evening in the week when Molly and Mike Weston went out together for an evening at the Harvey's. Ann and Arthur Harvey lived on the other side of Brooklyn, the more expensive area known as the 'money-belt.' The Harveys were more well off than Mike Weston; for one thing, they were an older couple. Although she had a sixteen-year-old daughter, Molly Weston did not 'look her thirty-five years, and her husband was just one year older. Mike and Molly got on well with the Harveys. Ann Harvey was just about forty, but very attractive and still extremely shapely. Her husband was about ten years older, but also fitter and far more robust than men half his age. It was to be expected that Mike Weston found Ann Harvey attractive in the same way as old Arthur Harvey found Molly Weston most desirable.

What had been normal happy bridge evening developed into sessions of drinking and chatter, intimate chatter, scandal chatter, and then dancing. Old-fashioned close-together dancing, not the present-day hysteria. Not so old-fashioned was the way that the two couples exchanged partners for the slow dances. On the night that young Trina had a date with handsome Steve Quantock, her mother was slightly tipsy, happily carefree and dancing in the strong arms of old Arthur Harvey. Not that Mike Weston wasn't being amused — Ann Harvey was taking care of him ...

It was close on midnight when all but the tall standing lamp was turned off in the luxurious living room of the Harvey house. For the first time, Molly was being kissed in a passionate way by her elderly admirer. She felt his lips capture her lipsticked mouth hungrily, his wild urgency thrilled her as if they had been young lovers. She saw that her husband was kissing Ann, so there was not likely to be any interference from him. Molly wrapped her arms more tightly about the old man's shoulders. He was well built, his chest was firm and muscular — she could tell that from the way the pressure of his body made her tits ache, her nipples throb. She gasped as his tongue swept into her mouth. He was really going to town tonight! They had often danced and embraced, but never had the kiss been as intense or suggestive as tonight. She naughtily weaved her hips so that her belly massaged his strong, masculine prick. She was pleased when she heard him moan, for she knew she was thrilling him. He raised one hand to cup her titty,

and rubbed his thumb flat over her aroused nipple. Her reaction was to thrust her tongue hard into HIS mouth.

"You haven't got to hurry home?" the old man muttered.

Molly Weston shook her head. "No, Trina is out with a new boyfriend tonight, but I told her to be home by half-past ten. She will put herself to bed. We haven't got to worry about getting home at any particular time, Arthur," she told him.

He raised his eyebrows as he looked closely into her face. "Going to come with me, dear?" he said, very softly, as he nodded towards the door.

She trembled slightly. She didn't speak, but a slight nod of her head was enough for him to know he was not being turned down flat. Neither her husband nor Arthur's wife looked up as they went quietly from the living room, and a moment later Molly was in the bedroom with her elderly companion. She felt swoony. All that drink was taking an effect, now that she was in a cooler room. She sat on the edge of the bed. He was with her at once, his eager hands feeling up under her dress. His hot palms were at her bare upper thighs above her hose. "I've — I've wanted to feel you up for ages, darling," he croaked. She felt his hands at her panties. Just for a moment, she had a sharp pang of guilt. He was trying to cup her cunt through her panties, trying to finger her twat lips. writhed as the enchanting thrills of sheer sensual pleasure rippled through her pussy. She was opening the top of her dress, trying to get her large tit from her bra cup. She wanted him to touch her tits, wanted him to thrill her there as well as down below, at her hairy slit.

His face was hot as he rubbed his cheeks over naked tit flesh. "OOOOOHHHH ... Arthur ... she moaned, as his mouth enveloped a large, swollen nipple. She felt his fingers worming to get inside her panties. She could hardly hold still as she arched her hips. 'Ohhheeeooooo ... Arthur be ... careful!' she moaned, as feathery tingles were setting her fuck-hole afire.

His hand was under the slip of her panties and her bare, warm, pulsating cunt flesh was being massaged by his fingers. Then he began to pull her panties down. She knew this was the testing point. If she let him get her intimate garment from her, it was tantamount to giving in to him. Did she want to give in -to this elderly married man? She arched her hips again, this time to help him get the panties down from her asscheeks, and also from the fuck-urge that she felt inside her belly.

She ached with desire, ached for fulfillment. She knew what she wanted, what she needed. She should wait until she got home, wait until she was in bed with her husband, but she didn't want to wait. They were lying back on the bed. She was half-turned towards the old man and he was fondling her again, now without the hindrance of her

panties. He was making her experience paradise. Why should she wait? Why not have heaven now?

She heard him unzip his fly and she fumbled down the front of his body. His prick was easy to find, large and throbbing. She grasped the thick rod, drew it forward in a leverage movement. It resented the unnatural 'bending' — she let go and it sprang back to its fiercely upthrust curve. She held it again. It seemed so much stronger than her husband's! She pulled it forward again. It was like a trunk on a hinge — she let it go, and it slapped

back against the old man's stomach, now that he had his trouser-front completely opened. He was lifting himself over on top of her. She wouldn't be able to stop him if she let him get closer. It was already too late — she knew that.

'Ohhhhhh ... oheee!!!!'

He was almost in her, his hot cock-head touched her cunt flesh. She knew she was in dire need of the fuck he was going to give her. Real, desperate need made her lift her hips, initiating the first pressure at her spread cunnylips. For the first time in seventeen years of married life, her cuntlips were enclosing the head of another man's cock. Now that it was too late to turn back, she wanted this fuck-pole more than ever. She hoisted her twat higher, weaved her hips more urgently. A wondrous delight curled through her cunt and to her belly, and even up to her trembling tits. She felt his twist slightly, felt him maneuver until his cock was about an inch or two inside the spread outer opening of her slit, and then he lunged!

"EeeEEEEwwwWWWW000000mnffdMM!" That cock was thick and hard, and she waited for him to shove it in 'again. He was panting, but he was controlled and still. She had never felt so abandoned and in need of cock as she did at this moment, with the thick prick of another man sunk into her belly. Her loins throbbed, it was so hard and hot, this prick he was feeding to her guts.. Then he began to ram at her, long, soul-destroying lunges and slow withdrawals that sent her mad with lust. Oh, it was paradise to be screwed like this, to have this man forcing her passion to the surface, to be made to want fuck and then be given it by such an expert lover! She had often wondered what it would be like to be made love to by an older man than Mike, to be made sexually satisfied by a different man than her husband, and now she was finding out. It was everything she had dared hope for, and then some!

Arthur was ramming at her with a faster, more anxious stroke now. She knew the signs after seventeen years of marriage, she ought to know when a man is ready to cum! This was the time when Mike usually pulled out, but she knew that Arthur had no such intention.

She didn't care. She was too far gone in her own lustful desires to want him.. to stop now. The bed began to sigh, the springs to creak. His movements were like a robot. She knew he was in the final throes just before cumming. She held him to her with all her strength, curling her legs up and around his hips. She felt her own orgasm jerking at her cunt as his movements became frantic, as she heard his grunts and hoarse cries in her ears.

His prick seared her deeply, really deeply, as he felt the cock throb to its spasms. The jerking was more violent. She held him tightly and writhed against his jabbing cock until the last drain of wet juice had been drawn from him by her sucking cunt. They both looked down to where their bodies were joined as one. His cock was still swollen hard and it thrilled her to see the purple monster wedged in stretched, wet cuntlips. He eased back until the cock flipped free of the flesh. They both still gazed at her pussy, at the pink flesh soiled with the wet fluids of their mutual orgasms.

He bent his head and gave her a playful, quick kiss full over the pouting hole and up at her, his face smeared with the love juice he had licked from her outer twat lips. "You beautiful cunt," he said to her, "you're just a beautiful, horny cunt!"

She lay back, her arms covering her sweating face. He was right. At that moment, she was just a cunt, a cunt that had needed to be fucked, not by her husband, but by any man. By this old horny man!

Just a cunt! She reached down and fondled his loosely skinned dong. It was free of bone now, wet and limp like a little boy's. She wanted it to start all over again, she wanted to have this hard and huge again.

"It's no use jerking it, dear," he had let her play with him for several minutes, and there was no visible result. "Do you want to screw again?"

She nodded. "Yes ... I want fucking again, badly, Arthur dear!" She felt she had lost all shame in her wanton need. "How can I make your cock stiff again, dear?"

He did not reply for a moment or so, then quietly he muttered, "Talk about Trina." He felt her hand stiffen on his limp stem. "Talk dirty about your daughter, and then I might get the urge again," he told her.

She skinned his foreskin down. The prick was already more erect in this last moment, when he had asked her to talk dirty about her sixteen-year-old daughter, than in all her own hand manipulations. His request disgusted her, and yet, what harm would it do? If it would make him stiff and horny again, so he could make her happy and make her cum again, she might as well do as he asked, there was no harm in it!

"Would you ... would you like to fuck Trina like you have just done it to me?" she asked, amazed at her own blatant boldness and disgusting suggestion. Her compensation for her guilt was the sudden swelling of the dick she caressed. "She's only sixteen, you know, Arthur," she went on softly. "Would you like to push your big cock up her little cunt, darling?"

She remembered the phrase, 'wash your mouth out with carbolic soap.' She wished she could wash the vile words away from her mouth, that she had spoken them. What was she thinking of, talking like that about Trina? Thank goodness the child was at home, safely in bed, in reality! She felt the old fellow's cock throb to tremendous life. She swallowed her shame as she vent on in her obscene talk.

"Just imagine, Arthur dear, her tight little hole and your lovely big cock. I bet you'd make her love fucking, darling, they say older men love young girls. She's only sixteen, Arthur, just ripe for you, eh? Do you want to fuck Trina? Do you want to push your great cock up her little twat, Arthur dear?"

With an almost inhuman groan he was rolling on top of her again. He was harder than before, he was urgent and rough. She opened her thighs wide to accommodate him, and he thrashed at her spread loins. "Go on, go on, you dirty old man," she urged him. "Fuck. Trina, fuck my sixteen-year-old daughter!"

It was perhaps the best, certainly the most prolonged fucking she had ever had. With her coaxing, obscene words to get him to imagine he was screwing Trina, she urged the old man to give her the best fuck ride she had ever known. Only when he had shot his hot sperm into her and she lay satisfied and breathless under him, was Molly Weston bitterly ashamed at what she had said.

Thank God no one would ever know, no one but this old horny man would know 'what vile words she had used to urge him to give her a good fucking! She didn't know, at this time, of the tape recorder beneath the bed that was faultlessly taking a record of every sound in that room from the moment they depressed the springs of the bed. What a delightful party-piece that tape would prove, to let other guests hear this woman pleading with him to 'fuck her sixteen-year-old daughter'! It would not be apparent from listening to the tape that the girl was not actually being fucked. They wouldn't know that Molly was merely talking dirty to arouse the old man. It would seem like she was procuring her teenage daughter to get fucked by this man old enough to be her grandfather!

Molly must have dozed off after this second robust, satisfying fucking, for when she awoke, she quickly found her panties, got them on and tried to smooth down her crumpled and dress. She was alone in the bedroom. She blushed crimson with shame at the thought of what she had done and allowed to be done to her!

She made her way back to the living room. The door was ajar, and she peered through, not sure what the time was or what she might see in the room. She first saw old Arthur, sprawled in one of the armchairs, and across from him, on the sofa, was his wife, Ann. Ann was being mauled and felt-up by Mike Weston. Molly watched her husband being slowly masturbated by Arthur's wife. Goodness knows how many times THEY had fucked. He looked tired and drawn, yet very flushed and still excited as they mutually played with each other's sex organs.

"Aha, the sleeper has awakened and returned to the world of the living." Arthur had seen Molly at the door. He rose to come across and bring her into the room. Ann and Mike broke up their intimate embrace. After a few more drinks, the Westons were taking their leave. They didn't speak all the way home. Their marriage had reached an important point. They had shared their bodies with others. But they were in for a further shock — it was past five in the morning, and Molly Weston fainted when they found Trina's bed had not been slept in. All the vile, dirty things she had said about her daughter to old Arthur swarmed back to her. This was her punishment — their daughter had not come home! What happened to her? Five in the morning, and she should have been in bed, sound asleep for hours. Instinctively, Molly feared the worst, while Mike went to telephone the police station to find out if any accidents had been reported in which a teenage girl had been involved. Molly knew that something worse than being involved in a traffic accident had happened to their pretty daughter. In some ways she was right, in others she was quite wrong.

The majority of traffic casualties get over their accidents, but pretty Trina Weston would never get over the vile operation that was to be carried out on her young ovaries by the Chinese doctor!

No, the police had no record of any accident, and Trina Weston was reported missing.

CHAPTER THREE

It was when she was letting herself into the darkened house that Molly Weston caught sight of the slim figure in the bushes in the front garden.

It was nearly three months since Trina's disappearance. Not a word had been heard, not a clue unearthed. Molly had just returned from her nightly visit to the hospital. The worry and strain of the tragedy had given Mike a breakdown. He had been in a hospital for over two of the three months since Trina went out of their lives. She jumped as the slim figure moved from the bushes to the porch. She saw, in the light from the streetlamp, that the figure was of a youngish man, slightly built, of Oriental extraction, judging from his sallow face and eyes that slanted.

She was about to call out when he spoke. Quietly and full of self-confidence, the high-pitched tone was saying, "I may be able to help you find your daughter, Mrs. Weston." He was pushing open the front door she had unlocked as, dazed and bemused, she let the little stranger close the door behind them as they entered the hall. His arms gripped her as she moved instinctively away from him. He followed her, his grip tightening on her hips. "You don't want to learn about Trina?" His voice was still soft, as though he knew he had the upper hand.

"Yes, yes ... of course, I want to know about my daughter. Anything, anything at all. What can you tell me, please, what can you tell me?" She had stopped backing away from him.

"That's better. This first, talk later," he said, as clamped his lips to her mouth. For over two months he hadn't been embraced by a man. She had kept well away from Harvey's after that awful night, and now, despite her unhappiness, she was not too ashamed to admit to herself she liked being held and kissed by a man again.

This young foreign devil knew how to kiss, too. She put her arms around his frail body, hating to admit how badly she needed a fuck. Being held and kissed like this MADE her realize her need for fuck. After two and a half months without a prick - well, she was a normally healthy young woman! She sighed when she felt the young man run a hand down over her ass, but she was wearing a girdle. She hadn't expected to be embraced and fondled, or she wouldn't have worn such a restrictive foundation garment.

When the kiss ended, breathlessly, she forced herself to forget her sexual needs. "Where is my daughter?" she asked. "Do you know where she is? do you know if she is safe? Is she well?"

The slim Oriental smiled, his wispy hands weaving in front of her. "All in good time, all in good time," he cackled. He grabbed her hand and pulled it to the front of his trousers, and she felt the bulge of prick hardness there. She knew she was blushing, but she didn't care. He saw her eyes go wild.

"I have news that you want," he murmured, "but I also have something else you want, eh?"

His hands were beginning to unfasten her blouse. She was clutching at his cock through his trousers; she was reluctant to let go of him. He found she was wearing a white brassiere. She had lovely tits. He loved the large, fleshy titties of mature white women. He wondered how much they would drop or loll when he got the bra from them. She sighed as he cupped both her boobs, and he knew she was well in heat, all ready for what he wanted to do to her. She slid her hand up her back to undo the hooks of the bra and let the cups fall forward as she humped her shoulders. She was relieved to have

him handling her globes in their nakedness, glad to have him undressing her, glad to be taken to her own bed by this slim, horny Oriental, puzzled to be asked to get down on her hands and knees when she was stark naked, puzzled AND frightened when she saw he had a short-handled whip which had been rolled up and slung unnoticed inside his jacket. The little man moved behind her and, with a quick, deft flick of his wrist, he had the whip curling to snap at her asscheeks. She cried out, but he moved around her, flicking the whip at her from all angles. Her lust and desire was diminishing with the pain he was giving her. Only the thought that he had news about her daughter forced her to submit to this treatment.

The little Oriental squatted on the edge of her bed and beckoned her to closer to him, between his outstretched knees. "You know what I want, pretty lady," he whined at her, "use those pretty lips on me. Suck my cock!"

As he spoke, he grabbed her head and pulled her roughly to his prick. She felt the huge hardness of his dong against her face. She closed her eyes. It was horrid, too horrid to be true. Yet it was true! Did this man really know anything about her missing daughter? He had known her name, had known Trina's name. She didn't want to lose a chance, however slight, of getting information that might help her find Trina. With her husband in hospital, likely to be there for months, it was up to her to do all she could to trace their daughter.

She felt up with her trembly hands to the little man's fly. The tell-tale tremor raced through her as she handled his fleshy fuck-pole. She wrapped her hand around it and skinned the loose skin down. The head was gloriously fleshy and swollen, the cock-shaft was normal size, but the head seemed over-huge in its roundness. She felt sick at the thought of what he wanted her to do, but she hid her disgust and opened her lips wide to take in the monstrous dickhead. She sucked at the prickhead, tasting the juice already dribbling from the large eyehole. He was leaning forward to be able to reach down to her wet snatch. Her mind reeled. She was being aroused, brutally and rudely, by the sheer obscenity of what she was doing. Nearly three months without a man, without an embrace, without a cock. Suddenly she was sucking to please this grinning little man, running her tongue wetly around the slimy, lubricated head. She eased her shame by the thought that she get information about Trina. She would suck his cock if, in return, he would help her find her missing daughter. She would suck, and she would fuck, if that was what he wanted her to! If HE wanted her to? She knew that SHE wanted to fuck HIM! She was anxious to find an excuse, but she knew didn't have to have an excuse. She wanted the pent-up passions released, and released in the proper way, not by that improvised dildo that she made from a candle swathed in bandages and tape. She wanted the real thing, this massive, throbbing prick she was sucking. She didn't want it to lose its strength, its virility in her mouth!

She resisted his clutching hands as she drew her face away from his wet, steaming rod. She looked up into his angry face. "Don't ... don't you ... want to fuck me?" she blurted out, spreading her legs so that he could see her wet, glistening hole that he had been fingering. She prayed that the sight of her wet, hungry twat would make him want to fuck in her cunt, but she didn't know the way the sly Oriental mind works!

"You've been married for years," he told her. "You may have fucked many men besides your husband, I don't know I don't care ... but I want your ass. You may have been screwed there as well, but not so often. You will be tighter there! On your hands and knees. I haven't much time, I must fuck you quickly!"

Numb with his blatant crudeness she got onto her hands and knees. She felt him fumbling to get his cock to her asshole, kneeling close up between her spread thighs and aiming to enter her in the most direct angled approach.

She felt so hot and sexy she didn't mind being fucked in this way. If it pleased him and made him give her the information about Trina, she didn't care what he did - that is, until she felt his heavy prong stretching her asshole. She tried to wriggle free and forward from his great cock, but his hands were now gipping her hips. He was pressing inwards and upwards into her ass passage. She almost fainted as the heavy, thick thing plowed up into the tight channel; he was stretching her hole so that she would never be the same again, she would never be free of the pain. Yet she knew that this wasn't true. She had heard about women having their asses fucked: Yes, she felt the tingle now, the strange pain-pleasure of the masochist. Whether or not he was disappointed that she wasn't showing more pain, more resentment to this abuse, she never knew. What she did know was that he had slowly pulled back from her aching asshole had rolled her to her back and was above her in the more normal position.

She looked up at him, not at his leering, flushed face but at his huge, bloated prick. She opened her thighs widely, raised her spread knees and let him gaze at her cunt again. She knew he wanted to screw in the normal way now, he was horny for her, wanted to fuck her cunt.

"Wang was right, Mrs. Weston," she heard him mutter. "No kid could be as cock-hungry as Trina unless her mother was a greedy cunt as well. Sure as hell, Wang was right, you want cock as badly as your kid does!"

His words proved he knew about Trina. The news he had given was not good. Trina was being fucked, that much was for sure. Still, she was alive, and this man must know where she was. Molly Weston curled her legs up and around the slim stranger. She would give him such a ride he would be pleased to repay her by telling her about her daughter. Not only that, she wanted this prick, she needed what he was doing to her.

He drove forward at her with a grunt. She closed her eyes. After so long, it was paradise to have a prick inside her, to be impaled on a male shaft again. Molly groaned in justified surrender, she tightened her arms about his neck and pressed her lips to his thin mouth. Even without the added inducement of news of her daughter, she knew she wouldn't want this man to leave her without finishing the screw. His cock was long, very long. She moaned as she felt it hit the bottom of her belly. Fucking with old Arthur Harvey had been better than with her husband, but this fuck was better still, better than her husband, better than with old Arthur. She contracted the muscles of her cunt on his cock and worked away at him as he screwed her with all his energy. He had said he was short of time, but he was not short on length, or of semen. Three times he shot his sperm inside her, making her cum five times in the process!

She was almost too exhausted to hear the address he was telling her to call at if she wanted more news about Trina. It was as well her Oriental 'friend' wrote the address down for her. When she awoke, he had gone. Only the pad by the bed with the address scribbled there and the dull ache and wetness in her cunt told her that it hadn't all been a savage wet-dream. At least she had a lead for her missing daughter. She hoped she would come across more lustful cocks in her continued search for young Trina.

CHAPTER FOUR

Molly Weston tried to peer through the darkness. It was several minutes since she had been pushed into this humid, strangely smelling darkness. She had arrived at the address given her by the unknown Easterner, and had been greeted by a Chinese man she assumed was Wang. All her questions about her daughter were brushed aside with a noncommittal, "Later, later, my dear," and then she had been taken down some basement steps to the cellar of this horrid-smelling abode and thrust into a dark room. From the sound of sniffing and puffing and blowing that she heard, together with the strange smell, she guessed that she was in an opium-smoking den. She tried to grope behind her to find the door through which she had been pushed. Instead, she found the arms of a stranger, who was pulling her roughly to his chest. A mouth was at her mouth, and her struggles grew less as she thrilled to the sensual kiss. The weight of the man bore her to the floor, and she was lying on a flooring that was soft and excitingly smooth. A host of other bodies were down there in the darkness, as she felt hands wandering over her body from all angles.

She was being undressed even while she was being kissed. Her tits were already bared. Mouths of unseen, unknown men were at her nipples. She felt relaxed and eager with anticipation. For the moment she had forgotten about her reason for coming to this strange house in the East Village. This was something new, wonderfully new to her. The man who was kissing her was trying to get on top of her. Other hands were dragging her panties down. She didn't know who all these men were, or young, ugly or

handsome. She felt degraded and yet stimulated at the same time. Her breathing was unsteady as she put a hand down to guide his prick to her hole. But he was too experienced in this action in the dark to need her guidance, and he was in her, fucking her. Almost at once he came, and almost at once she was alone. She was wet and sticky in her twat, but she wasn't satisfied, far from it. It had been so quick, like an animal. She realized that the man must have been terribly aroused before he slipped it into her. It had been in — jab — gush — and out. Never had she known the fuck act to take place so quickly, or with such indifference to her own feelings.

Another body was close to her and she reached out instinctively. This man was more hefty than the last, as again lips sought hers. Again, a hard cock was between her legs. This was too terrible, too vile. She was being fucked like a beast, he was like a male stud animal. What fearful place had she landed herself in? Could this be the sort of crazy, repulsive place that Trina had finished up in?

The man was rolling on top of her, and he was heavy and very horny. She could feel the size of his cock, resting up there between her thighs; she was going to be fucked again, going to be fucked by this complete stranger. She felt helpless under his weight, helpless and ashamed, but what could she do about it? Nothing! She put her hands down to his prick. He was built like a mule and was getting the head of his dick to her open, wet cunt. He was trying to stick her on his long dong. It was the involuntary weaving and lifting of her hips that made the penetration more possible. She felt bitterly ashamed, yet she knew she WANTED this to happen, wanted to be a part of this fuck pit. She clung to the man, responded, worked in rhythm with his own vicious thrusts. She gasped and moaned. This time it was her own cum that erupted first. When she was left alone after this brief but satisfying screw, she felt less tensed up, less angry at finding herself in this sort of sex-crazed den.

Outside the doors of the sex-den, Wang waited. So far, three men had staggered out. He knew there were five more in there. He had ordered that eight horny men be ready for the arrival of Molly Weston, and his wishes had been carried out. Three hours after her arrival at the house, the last of the eight men came out of the den. Wang switched on the light from outside the den as he went in. With him was a young girl, a wide-eyed, drug-hooked young girl. Together they stared down at the spread-eagled woman on the floor. Her clothing was torn and ripped from her body, male sperm was everywhere on her abused body. No woman can screw eight men and not know the effects, and Mrs. Molly Weston looked fucked out, raped to pieces.

Trina Weston held and massaged the firm cock of Wang as he let her stare down at the lust-inducing sight of this ravaged woman. Not one flicker of recognition crossed the pretty face of the girl. Wang had given her the test. He was gratified to know that she didn't recognize her own mother. Hung up as she was on drugs and sex, the young girl

was able only to recognize the instruments that gave her happiness, the needle of the syringe and a prick such as she lovingly stroked now.

Trina watched her master kneel down between the legs of this woman, watched him slowly insert his cock up into the wide, mature hole of her cunt. Molly moved in utterly automatic reflexes. This the ninth prick she had fucked, although she was well past being able to count them. She jerked and writhed, opening her eyes only when the man burst his hot sperm into her. This the first man who had fucked her in the light since she had come to evil house. She saw it was Wang, the man she had met just when she arrived, the man she hoped would have news of her daughter. DAUGHTER! Molly couldn't believe it. There, behind the hunched shoulders of the man fucking her, she saw Trina. The girl crouched, her knees bent, her hands working the vilest of rubber imitation pricks into her pussy, a rubber cock that was grotesquely large and with sharp spikes of rubber protruding down its surface. The girl was moaning with the pain and the pleasure such an instrument was providing, as she fucked herself with it while she watched her master screwing on the floor with this woman.

'Trina ... TRINA MY DARLNG ... TRINA!' Even as she called the name and didn't get the slightest reaction, Molly knew that her daughter was drugged past knowing what was happening. The girl was sex-crazed, drug-happy, a willing slave to this vile Oriental man and his henchmen. How the girl had first got into their clutches Molly didn't know, but she thought dimly how she herself had so easily slipped into this den of utter degradation and vice.

Trina screamed. She was screwing the vicious dildo, like fury, in her stretched snatch; she was making herself cum. The sight of her pretty young body contorting under such lewd provocation was more than enough to make her mother reach a summit of sensual delight. Wang emptied his balls into her as Molly writhed and sobbed out her own passion. She had found Trina, she knew where the girl was now. Yet, in a way, she was more lost to her than ever. Would she ever get the girl away from this sort of life? Did she herself ever want to return to normal life?

Old Wang was down on his knees between her thighs, his mouth eating her cunt and swallowing her juices. Nine men she had felt the urge for more. To have a tongue as obscenely experienced as this was enough to make her want more cock even after twice as many men as she had screwed in this cellar!

Wang reached across and took the wicked dildo from Trina. He handed it to her mother and watched the woman eagerly thrust it into her open and well-fucked hole. Not until she had brought herself off twice more did she fall back exhausted. Strange how the pain of the sharp rubbery spikes in the shaft added to a woman's pleasure when she used that dummy cock! Molly sank into a deep exhausted slumber, one that was further

induced by the 'needle.' Wang now had a pretty daughter AND her mother in his fuck stable. He was doing very well for himself!

CHAPTER FIVE

The doctors had been hopeful that they would have Mike Weston fit enough to go home just about the time he was hit by the second tragedy, the strange disappearance of his wife. The shock was enough to set any man back again to zero, and for weeks they almost gave him up. It was the night nurse on his ward who really began the task of getting him back to something near sanity. She was passing the door of his small private ward when she heard him groaning. It was three in the morning and, thinking something was very wrong, she went into his room. He was ranting, but he didn't seem in pain, just wildly ranting. She listened and caught phrases. He was talking about his wife, about Molly, about his daughter, Trina. The nurse saw he was lying on his back, and he was making a rhythmic motion with the lower part of his body. She saw the sheets thrust up where his cock was, and she knew he must have a terrific hard-on. This was a good sign, a very good sign. For months they had not been able to get him to show any interest in anything at all, and never during that time had he shown any sexual interest. Now, he was having some sort of erotic dream. He was throbbingly erect, he seemed to be panting with the desire to have relief, and yet he wasn't likely to be able to obtain it.

The night nurse drew the bedclothes down from his body. His terrifically erected prick was thrust up through the open fly of his pajamas. She closed the door of his room to make sure no one would see what treatment she was going to give this troublesome mental patient. She clasped his huge cock in both hands, sliding them up and down in tempo with his own movements that his troubled, enfeebled mind was able to dictate to his senses. A few rubs and he was spurting his cum. He lay still, breathing heavily but more relaxed than he had been for months. The treatment that might cure Mike Weston had begun, at the hands of the night nurse.

The next night the nurse was happy to find the patient in the little room in a similar position as the night before - as huge an erection as any man could hope for. The steady jerking of his hips, the obvious need to be assisted to the completion of his orgasm. Again, she closed the door of his room and came to his bed. She obliged as her hands coaxed him to cum. The next night the same treatment, and the next, and the next! During the day, the doctors were mystified as well as gratified to find that he was making steady progress. It was during the next week that the night nurse began to vary the treatment. Now, she daringly used her mouth to coax him to ejaculation, and she sucked him dry. Soon there was no pretense of sleep. When he was awake during the night, she would come to his room and jerk him off or suck him. He loved the experience and looked forward all day to the night with the nurse. His thoughts were

taken off his missing wife and daughter. This night nurse had given him a new reason for living. The medics were amazed at his rate of recovery, and for no reason known to them, anyway.

Such good progress was he making that they hoped to have him sent to a convalescent home in few days' time. This was good news, but not to the curing night nurse. She knew she had to go all the way with him now, or never. That night she locked his ward door and stripped off all her clothes, while he watched her with that semi-stupid grin that he always bore. One thing he was sure about, one thing he knew what to do properly, though. He pushed the sheets down and let his great dong of a cock weave freely upwards. She climbed on the bed and let him ram the great head about near her cunt. She wanted to be fucked as badly as he wanted to fuck her. The nurse was nearing forty and she was still a virgin, having devoted her life to her career, but at this moment all that she wanted was his cock to screw her well. He kept murmuring, "Molly ... Trina ... Molly... Trina," as he tried to stuff his prick into her tight hole, and she writhed and rolled on him until she had the thick fuck-pole well up inside her. It was in this position that the head nurse found them. On a surprise night-rounds checkup, the head nurse was visiting all the wards. Her master key had unlocked the door that shouldn't have ever been locked in the first place. She saw one of her most able and reliable night nurses fucking on the massive prick of the patient. The patient had a finger up the nurse's asshole and a mouthful of her ample nipples.

The night nurse was dismissed, sacked, thrown out. Mike Weston was never again masturbated or sucked off by an understanding nurse. His decline into utter senile stupidity was never understood by the doctors. They never knew the reason for his brief cure, or the reason for the decline. A few months later, instead of being discharged, he was transferred to the mental wing, from which he never returned to normality.

The breakup of the Weston family was complete. Sex destroyed mother and daughter. Sex might have saved the father, but was denied the chance.

THE END